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**ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF
THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC
MEDICAL COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL HELD AT THE
HOTEL ASTOR, NEW YORK CITY ON THE EVENING OF
JUNE 1, 1911**

Dr. George W. McDowell, '86, the president of the Alumni Association, presided, and delivered the following address of welcome:

Address of Welcome.

**Dr. George W. McDowell, '86,
President of the Alumni Association.**

Gentlemen of the Alumni Association, it is a great pleasure to welcome you this evening at this, our annual meeting, and to have the opportunity of thanking you for the honor conferred in electing me to the presidency of this influential body. We meet once a year to renew old friendships, to form new ties, to greet the members of the graduating class, and to show them that our love for Alma Mater, which to-night will awaken enthusiasm in their breasts, grows stronger with the lengthening years. May each year of absence from her protecting arms bind us closer to her, make us more solicitous for her welfare and more desirous that the reputation which we bear in our home circles of influence may bring nothing but honor to her fair name. Individually, we may feel that our powers for good or evil for the college is but small, but collectively, and when working in harmony, we can wield a vast influence if each man will but do his best.

It is related that an Eastern monarch was once visited by the king of a neighboring country who was charmed by the beauty of his friend's capital, but expressed his surprise that so beautiful a city should be without walls. "To-morrow," said the host, "I will show you the walls of my city." In the morning they rode to a plain out-

side of the town where, drawn up in splendid array, was an army of ten thousand men. "There," said the king, "are my walls, and every man is a brick." Gentlemen, our college needs such walls, with every alumnus a living brick devoted to her service, in prosperity cheering her on to greater success, and, if adversity should come, standing shoulder to shoulder to protect her. Let us never forget that we owe a debt of two kinds to our college, the one a monetary obligation which can be liquidated in dollars and cents; the other is a debt of love which we can never repay except in undying loyalty to her interests. Make your patients so grateful to you that after they have sufficiently enriched you they will leave a few of their millions to endow the college so that their descendants may have the benefit of the skillful services of men reared within her walls who will be as good physicians as you think you are.

Travelers in Russia tell us that in a certain church a fire is kept constantly burning on the altar. On Christmas Eve runners assemble, who, on the stroke of midnight, light their torches and scatter throughout the city to light on every altar a fire from the spark from the sacred flame. I have fancied that our meeting here to-night might have a somewhat similar significance. We meet to light the torch of enthusiasm at the altar of Alma Mater, and, as we scatter to our homes, to carry with us a sense of devotion to our calling and love for the college and a desire to help our fellows which will bring added glory to our honored profession.

Our college has a history of which we may well be proud. From small beginnings in material resources, but rich in men of courage and large mental calibre, the institution has steadily grown, constantly enlarging its curriculum to keep pace with the advances in medicine and surgery, and erecting new buildings for hospital and college purposes to adequately house her activities. With the active co-operation of the alumni association, the advance of the college in the next twenty-five years will far out-distance that of the last twenty-five, wonderful as that seems to those of us who were students a quarter of a century ago. Our college must be equipped to turn out men who are qualified to fill all the demands of this or any other state, who can take all the high grades at top speed, with plenty of reserve force. Gentlemen, make your college an institution of which you may always be proud, and your college will always be proud of you.

I take great pleasure in introducing our talented toastmaster, Dr. William Lathrop Love, '94, who will conduct the further exercises.

Introductory Remarks.

Dr. William Lathrop Love, '94,

Toastmaster.

Mr. President and Gentlemen—At a very brilliant reception in Atlanta, Georgia, the guest of honor was that versatile Southern orator and statesman, Henry W. Grady. As the evening had waned and the guests were wending their way home, Mr. Grady approached the hostess in line, and she said to him: "I have heard nothing but the same thing all evening. Everybody has said to me that they have had a perfectly delightful time. Now I know that you will not say that; you are such an original man." And, bowing very low, the courteous Grady said: "Madam, I have had one hell of a fine time." And as I have observed the various sized bottles that once were full and now are empty, and as I have noticed a number of old friends who once were empty and now are full, I feel like saying in the words of the original Grady that "I have had one hell of a fine time."

However, it is a privilege to be here to-night to meet once more the representative men who have given to our college the proud name that she now bears, and of whom we, in turn, are proud, men who gather from the East and from the West, shake off the cares of a busy practice, and for a few fast fleeting hours are boys together again. And, as we are now here and note the locks that Father Time has turned to gray or else to alopecia, fond memories arise of those who were wont to gather with us in years gone by—forms and faces once familiar, of Allen, of Helmuth, of Downing, of Dunham, of Deschere, of Doughty, of Dearborn, of Talcott, and of others of our illustrious alumni who once were here and now are not. And we note with pride that the principles that they fought for and believed in are now being gradually accepted by a united medical profession. We hear a voice from over the ocean, the eminent Huchaud, of Paris, as he says: "I am convinced that the law of similars, as taught by Hahnemann, is the law of cure." Wright, of England, whose opsonic theories are commanding the attention of the entire medical world, says, "I am achieving results along homœopathic lines." And Von Behring, whose discovery of

antitoxin has done so much to relieve the dread scourge diphtheria, says: "You may call me a homœopath if you will, but I say to you the efficacy of antitoxin increases with the attenuation."

The stars are twinkling in a new sky of therapeutic toleration, and the day is not far distant when the name of Hahnemann will be revered alike by a united medical profession, with the name of Virchow and Lister; and as we are now here, shouting the note of optimism, carried forward on the tidal wave of triumph, it is fitting that in drinking the toast to the founder of our school, and to our illustrious dead, we should unite with our only living ex-dean, William Harvey King, '82.

**Toast—Samuel Hahnemann.
Dr. William Harvey King, '82,
Ex-Dean of the College.**

I have known for a long time that it was far more comfortable to be an ex-dean than it was to be a dean, and I am now convinced that it is more popular to be ex-dean than to be dean.

It was thought fitting to-night that at the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of our first class that in drinking the toast to Hahnemann we should join with him those men who have made our institution famous. All but one of these men have been at these dinners and sat around these festive boards, and have risen and drunk to the memory of Hahnemann. I am quite sure that every one of them would have felt grateful, would have felt that they had not lived in vain, if, at the fiftieth anniversary of the first graduation of this college, they knew that their names could be linked with that of Hahnemann as we arise to drink to his memory. So, I will, therefore, give a toast not only to Hahnemann, but to our illustrious dead.

SAMUEL HAHNEMANN, the discoverer of a principle and the founder of a school, a great benefactor to mankind, a scholar whose greatness all must admit, and as a teacher we are proud to be enrolled among his students.

CARROL DUNHAM, a magnificent representative of all those elements most loved and most admired in man; a genial presence, a sympathetic soul, a scholar of attainment, a literary man of genius, who taught us how to study our materia medica, a sweet Melanchthon of homœopathy.

CARL FEODOR LIEBOLD, the skilled oculist whose knowledge served as the foundation for the building up of the fine superstructure in that specialty in our school, which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and of which we are all so justly proud.

SAMUEL LILIENTHAL, "Uncle Sam," as he was known to us all, the genial philosopher, the Erasm^{us} of our Alma Mater, the indefatigable worker, the compiler, the man who always was welcomed by the students, and who was always welcome to the students.

FRANK S. BRADFORD, who served our Alma Mater for many years in the dual capacity as professor of practice and secretary of the faculty, and who has left an inheritance in this alumni as the friend of the student.

JOHN W. DOWLING, a great hearty dean, who always had the best interests of our Alma Mater at heart, and gave his best endeavors that she might prosper.

STEPHEN POWELL BURDICK, the careful teacher, the one who believed and practiced that which he taught.

GEORGE W. BLODGETT, the truly masterful teacher, whose short career was one of our greatest losses.

GEORGE S. NORTON, a gentleman, a scholar, a capable physician, who served our Alma Mater but for a short time, and served her well.

TIMOTHY FIELD ALLEN, the student and the man of action, who has left a worthy inheritance for the homœopathic profession, and to whom we owe most. His activities in behalf of our Alma Mater were in many directions; to him we largely owe our material resources, and to his fine educational instinct and great executive ability we owe our present high standing as an institution for the training of professional men. Had there been ten doctor Allens homœopathy would have to-day owned New York City.

WILLIAM TOD HELMUTH, a poet surgeon, as profesor, as clinician and as dean, the most loved man and the highest ideal of the student, the father of homœopathic surgery and a representative of the best in the art in any school or country; and the man is a man that we will be most proud to refer to as our friend and teacher, and the remembrance of whom will longer linger in sweet reverie as we look back from the constantly increasing space of time to our college days.

SELDON H. TALCOTT, the orator who held his students spellbound,

the man who possessed in a rare degree great scholarly attainments and great executive ability. Homœopathy owes much to Dr. Talcott, and we are willing to concede it to him.

MARTIN DESCHERE, the careful student of our materia medica; his studentship was of a kind that built and built to last. His taking off in the prime of life was not only a great loss to our Alma Mater, but a great loss to homœopathy the world over, and as well to mankind.

HENRY M. DEARBORN, who enriched our school in a subject most needed. His position for many years as secretary of the faculty brought him in close relationship with the student body, and thus developed a personal friendship enjoyed by few.

FRANCIS E. DOUGHTY, a man who combined in a rare degree scholarly attainments, skill and modesty. Such was the universal and high respect held for Dr. Doughty that his name is to-day the synonym of all that is noblest and best in our profession.

Now, let us all rise and drink to the memory of these men, with a heartfelt thankfulness that they have lived, and with a due appreciation of our inheritance as the result of their labors.

(Rising and silent drinking of the toast.)

The Toastmaster: Forty-odd years ago a vacancy arose in our college staff, a surgeon was sought, and there was welcomed to our midst a man destined to become so intimately interlaced with this alumni association, that a college conference was never complete without him; a man whose genial presence has graced many a festive board, whose class room quiz has quickened the pulse of many a man here to-night, a name we have always delighted to honor, a name borne alike by honored father and distinguished son, William Tod Helmuth.

Once again a vacancy arose in our college staff. The reins of leadership had been laid down after long and faithful service by him whose acclaim here to-night attests full well the regard and affection in which he is held by the alumni, his fellow alumni of this association, William Harvey King.

The metropolis was searched, the Empire State was searched, but no one was found to fill his place. Then there arose on the horizon of the West a man so magnetic, a personality so pleasing, an executive so excellent, that there arose a shout from our alumni asso-

ciation, mighty and far-reaching, resounding and reverberating from New York to Michigan, "We want Copeland"—and we got him.

Now, if on behalf of this illustrious alumni association, I were presumptuous enough to offer a few words of advice to our esteemed dean, I would say in the words of the good old Gospel hymn:

"Pull for the shore, Copeland,
Pull for the shore.
Heed not the knockers, Copeland,
Though they may roar.
You are here because we want you, Copeland,
That's the reason why.
We are all behind you, Copeland,
You will not find us shy.
Forget your troubles, Copeland,
In a little wine.

"All these strenuous men have troubles,
Now they're feeling fine.
Walter Crump will stay right with you
If you drink some more.
But if Walter gets ambitious,
Pull for the shore."

Optimism.

**Dr. Royal S. Copeland,
Dean of the College.**

Three years ago when I first came to New York, and you so generously provided a banquet to announce to the public that I had arrived, so many pleasant things were said on that night that I was led to tell what John Wilson said to me one day, and I am going to repeat it now. He said: "Copeland, if you are not inflated to the bursting point by all these pleasant things that are being said, it is either because you are incorrigibly modest, or else you leak." But the fact is that all these extravagant things which have been said by the toastmaster to-night, for some reason or other, remind me of a circumstance which happened out in my native State of Michigan. Two farmers were talking about one of the

neighbors, Sam Smith, and somebody said of him that Sam Smith was the biggest liar in the township, and said we will prove it by Jim Hall, who is coming up here, and they said, "Jim, isn't Sam Smith the biggest liar in this territory?" "Well," said Jim, "I would not just exactly say that he is a liar, but I do know that when he wants to call the hogs he has to get somebody else to send word to them, or they won't come up."

I ought to say for the benefit of my friends at the table—another one of the old stories—that my friend, Bishop Berry, on one occasion, being entertained by a friend of his, on Sunday started for church, and the small boy of the household was curled up in a comfortable chair in the library. The bishop said: "Why, Johnny, aren't you going to church?" "No, I am not going to church." "Why," the bishop said, "you ought to go; I'm going." The boy replied, "You have to go to hold your job." So the reason I am here to-night to speak is because I have to come; that is part of the job that I hold, and I am convinced from what Dean King has said that it is a great deal better to be an ex-dean or a dead dean than to be a real dean. But on this occasion I have come to you to make a report of the past year, and to say something regarding the work of the future.

As I measure the work of this institution, it seems to me that there are four human factors which enter into the progress and which make for the greatness of the institution and which predict well for its future. Of necessity, I speak of the trustees, and I say to you, my friends, that this corporation, and you, the stockholders of this corporation, are to be congratulated that you have a board of energetic, active, capable business men, who are willing to take up their time, their valuable time, and give it gratuitously to the service of this institution. I speak, first, of Mr. Cary, the president of the board. He has been absent for three months in Mexico, and I said last night at the commencement exercises, where I did not see many of you present, that I have been reading every day recently, the Mexican news to see whether Mr. Cary was still safe, and I rejoiced when I heard a few days ago that he had returned to God's country. Mr. Cary gives of his time and of his money and of his energy. He is interested in this institution, and he can be approached by any member of the alumni association or any student or any person interested in homœopathy

at any time of the day or night, because his heart is with us, and certainly it is a great thing that we have at the head of the corporation a man who takes that stand—layman as he is—devoting himself to our cause. I wish to speak also of some of the new men who have come upon the board. I speak first of Mr. Langhaar, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees. Last summer when most people of affairs were away from the city, Mr. Langhaar, the chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Weber, the chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee, stayed in the city through a month of hot weather in order that the plans might be completed for the erection of our fine laboratory and for the completion of our heating plant. And they have been upon the grounds of the institution every day almost since that time; certainly not a week has passed but they have been there to inspect the progress of the work, and I say again that we are fortunate indeed that we have men of affairs who will give their time as these men have done. I wish to speak of Mr. Arnold Wood, the chairman of the Hospital Committee, who is in the hospital every day inspecting the work of the institution, and seeing to it that the affairs are well taken care of. And then I want to speak of two members upon the Board of Trustees, one is a saint, St. Clair Smith. I sometimes suspect that his angelic qualities will be largely lauded in this world instead of the next. He gave first many years of service to faculty work, and now he is giving to us service in his work as a member of the Board of Trustees. Lastly, of the board—I wish I might speak of them all, but the others have been spoken of many times here, and are continuing the great work which they have carried on so many years—last of all, I would speak of that splendid great-hearted man, quiet and modest, who is every minute interested in our cause and who gives more thought, I believe, to this institution than he does to his own affairs, Dr. W. W. Blackman, of Brooklyn.

The next factor which makes for the growth and development of the college is the faculty, and I doubt if anywhere is gathered together a body of men so earnest and enthusiastic and devoted and unselfish to the cause of any institution as are these men, most of them serving without salary, devoting their time largely to the interests of the institution. As I look back through the years, and measure the reasons why the institution has survived and why it

has grown, I agree with Dean King, that one name more than any other, for material reasons, stands out above the rest. That is the name of Timothy Field Allen. When we think of Beakley, we think of the man who founded the institution. When we think of Carrol Dunham, we think of a man who gave us a literature that is undying. When we think of William Tod Helmuth, we find that his name is burned into the heart and the affections of every alumnus. When we think of Timothy Field Allen, we think of a man who enriched the general literature of the school, who did much to build up the institution on the scholastic and educational side; but, my friends, there are three hundred other reasons, worth a thousand dollars apiece, why this institution will live forever, that is, he brought to its endowment three hundred thousand dollars. And so I say, my friends, without disparaging the work of other men, that we should not forget the debt we owe to this member of the faculty, Timothy Field Allen.

Now I come to a theme nearer home. I wish to say just one or two words about the work of the alumni association, and I say to you now, as I have said before to-day, and many times before to-day, that the one great factor in the present prosperity of the institution, and which speaks well for the future of the institution, is the organization, the harmony and the activity of the alumni association. And through the organization, particularly of the auxiliary associations throughout the country, we have organized a machine that is better than any political machine, because it is founded on motives we think purer than most political machines, barring those represented here to-night. We have organized a machine which (to Comptroller Prendergast)—I have been in that sort of business myself, Mr. Comptroller—a machine has been organized that must carry this organization and this institution to success, in my opinion. And when the history of this period is written, the name of Herbert D. Schenck will stand out above all others for the work he has done in the organization of the alumni.

My friends, I believe that it is absolutely within your power to bring to the institution not necessarily from your own bank accounts, but from the bank accounts of your patients, revenues sufficient, and endowment sufficient, to make this college the greatest institution on the face of the earth.

Now, I heard Bishop—you know I am more familiar really with

the sayings of the clergy than perhaps any other class of people (laughter and cries of "joke"), the powers of diagnosis of this body are perfectly remarkable. I heard Bishop Fowler say one time, "Give me the money and I will evangelize this world in one generation." And I say, if you will give this institution the money, we will make homœopathy the dominant school of medicine in this generation. You cannot maintain a medical school like this simply by associating a band of men together and calling them a faculty. You must give them laboratories and an extensive endowment, and high priced talent to preside over those laboratories, in order to have an institution which will measure up to the high present standards of the educational and scientific world, and it is necessary to have money to do that, and I think one of the gratifying things and the thing that shows above all others your actual personal interest in the success of your Alma Mater, is the fact that last year you contributed nearly ten thousand dollars for the building of a laboratory of bacteriology, which is the finest in North America.

Then the fourth factor which makes for the up-building of this institution is the general public. I asked my son the other day if he could tell me who the comptroller of the city is, and in a language known only to his mother and to me he said that the comptroller is a wise man who lives in the finance department and is entirely surrounded with money. He does not walk across the bridge as does some other public official, but he rides because he has confidence in the B. R. T. I understand also that he never crosses the river in a house-boat. The comptroller of the city is one of the very important members of the general public who should be interested in the work of this institution, and I am glad we have a comptroller who said the other day that so long as the hospitals of the city need money we do not need any more parks. And so we want the comptroller, and we want all the other members of the general public to know that last year Flower Hospital gave 47,000 days' treatment without any pay from anybody, absolutely a gratuitous gift to the City of New York. We want the general public to know that last year our ambulances made over 7,000 calls, picked up suffering people and carried them to the hospital. We want the general public to know that last year through the social service department of our institution we made 8,000 calls on the poor of the neighborhood, and that is the kind of work that is

being done by the institution; that last year in our dispensary 42,000 patients were treated and cared for, and when these facts are known to the general public, and you emphasize these facts, call the attention of your patrons to the work that we are doing, then will come the shekels which will make possible the development of the institution and the further carrying on of greater plans for making this institution the kind that we want it to be, and one of which we may be proud forever. You know up there we have a medical school where many things are taught. One of the practitioners the other day, I understand, had a patient who was getting old, and this practitioner had made a specialty of longevity, and he told the patient to dye his hair and he would look ten years younger; he had him shave off his whiskers and he would look ten years younger still; he had him take a Turkish bath, and he reduced his age by ten years, and at the end of three weeks the man died of cholera infantum.

Now, if we can impress our powers upon the general public to that extent, I am sure that we can make this institution in this generation the greatest medical school on earth.

My friends, I am thankful for this opportunity to speak to you. I appreciate the fact that so many of you came to-day to visit the institution. It is your institution; we are simply caretakers, watching for you, looking after our duties in your absence. It is your institution, and we are going to make it the kind of a college you want it to be, and we believe you want it to be the greatest homœopathic college on earth, measured by any standard, allopathic, homœopathic or any other, the best medical school anywhere.

(A quartette number was here rendered by Dr. F. Eduard Hopke, of the Class of '99, and a quartette.)

The Toastmaster: The next speaker is a gentleman who typifies optimism. He has a genial smile that has penetrated the halls of Congress, and, after a number of years' acquaintance with Congressman Pugsley, I can assure you that he has brought it with him. Mr. Pugsley.

As Others See Us.
Hon. Cornelius Pugsley,
Ex-Member of Congress. Former President-General of the National
Society Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Medical Profession—I never knew until to-night that the eloquence of a toastmaster could move the chairs at the head table. I am under the impression that the versatile Shakespeare must have had some of the feelings of the after-dinner speaker rising to respond at a banquet of physicians to the toast, "As Others See Us," when he put into the mouth of Falstaff the words, "Would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well." I must confess that I have tried to solve the reason why I was invited by your worthy toastmaster to-night, and why he gave me such a subject as "As Others See Us." After a careful diagnosis of the conditions I feel a good deal like the old colored preacher who prayed that he might have the power to define the indefinable, to depict the undepictable and to unscrew the inscrutable.

As I look upon this distinguished body of professional men and then think of my position in the disturbed condition of the after-dinner speaker, I am reminded of the Irishman who was called to the bedside of his wife as she was about to pass away. She said to Pat: "I want you to promise me just one thing before I go," and Pat said, "What is it, me darlin'?" "Well, I want you to be afther promising first." "Well, then, I promise." "And sure, Pat, I want you to be afther riding in the carriage with me mother at me funeral." Pat shook his head, and said: "I will kape me word, but you have taken away half the pleasure of the occasion."

As I reflect upon the great wave of banquets that has passed over this imperial city during the past winter, and which seems still to linger in the lap of summer, and realize that half the pleasure of the occasion has been lost to many, I am reminded and I have a good deal of sympathy for that volunteer in Christian Science who was asked by a friend upon the street one day: "Has your Christian Science cured you of your rheumatism?" "No," he replied, "but my rheumatism has cured me of my Christian Science." And so it is with the after-dinner speaker; if our invitations do not cure us of our appetite, our speeches cure us of our invitations.

How true it is that our viewpoint has a great deal to do with our arriving at proper conclusions. An Irishman asked his employer for a day off that he might attend a wedding. The next day he appeared with his clothes in tatters, and a broken head, and the physician asked him how it happened. He replied: "Sure, I saw a man at the weddin' that I did not know, and I says to him, 'Who are you?' And he says, 'I am the best man, and, be jabers, he was.'"

Another son of the Emerald Isle proved to be a most undesirable citizen in a community, and some of his neighbors decided that they would get rid of him, so they took a rail and put him upon it and rode him round and round the town, Pat hanging on for dear life. When they were finally exhausted, they let him down, and said, "What do you think of that?" And Pat said, "Begorra, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing I would rather have walked."

Of all the learned professions, I know of none that comes closer to me than that of the medical profession. If physicians cure us, we are loud in their praises; if not, we preserve a dead silence.

I remember hearing of a physician who had a very rich patient, and a friend met him and said, "I understand that your rich patient has gotten entirely well." "Yes, that is true." "Well, I have been thinking that you have spent too much time at the club the last few months."

A young physician put out his sign, and, after waiting for several weeks for a customer, said to a friend, "Here I am an exhibition of patience on a monument." To which his friend replied, "Keep it up, my boy; after a while you will be able to put monuments on your patients."

I am inclined to think that many—possibly some lawyers and ministers and politicians and bankers—look upon the life of a physician as a comparatively easy one, but they have failed to realize their responsibilities. For my part, I know of no type of man who enters more closely into the life of a community than the true physician. No one can read those beautiful delineations of character given us of the physician by Maclaren in his "Country Doctor," or by another writer in the "Master of Pyon," without himself reaching an exalted conception of the power and influence and the uplifting possibilities of the physician and of the medical profession. In the physician we have a vision of manhood, patient, helpful, self-

sacrificing. He enters into the closest relations of our life; he is with us when we come into the world, and he is generally with us when we pass out. He shares our sorrows and our joys, he becomes our dear, familiar friend of whom we ask and seek counsel and advice. And what of the profession in its larger sense, what does not the world owe to the medical profession? We see them with their sanitary laws and regulations driving plagues from infected coasts and cities, we see them robbing diseases of their victims and of half their terrors, we see them sacrificing their lives, not that their profession may be exalted, or that they may attain enduring fame, but that suffering humanity may be relieved. We see them making the Isthmus of Panama one of the healthiest places under a tropical sun. In surgery, in medicine, you have no peers in any land, and I believe it is because you are imbued with that American spirit which is never satisfied until it excels. And how true that is has been clearly manifested here to-night by that splendid array of names which have been read and spoken of in our hearing to-night, like Helmuth and Allen. Well may we look upon the medical profession as one of the grandest that God has given to mankind. Herbert Spencer looking upon these United States, and without any particular love for the people of this country, said the highest type of man will be the product of the Western Hemisphere, and one of the great orators of this country, nearly a score of years ago, said that in about twenty-five or fifty years the model American will step forth. He will have the strong brain of the German, the polished manner of the French, the artistic taste of the Italian, the staunch heart of the English, the steadfast piety of the Scotch, the lightning wit of the Irish, and when he steps forth, bone, muscle, brain and nerve entwined with the fibre of all nationalities, then shall the nations of the world break forth with the cry, "Behold the American."

I believe that this Republic, which gathers to itself all nationalities, with all that means a progressive manhood, and holds its grasp upon the Pacific as well as upon the Atlantic, is destined to take the foremost place among the nations of the world. It is for these reasons that I believe that the nations of the world are turning their gaze to the United States to see what our course shall be in the next few years. I am not one of those who believe that this nation is going to disaster or to decay because of the agitation for

decency and honor in political, professional and commercial life. We have every reason to be optimistic. Ninety millions of people are enjoying greater blessings, greater benefits, greater happiness, greater prosperity, than any other people on the face of the globe. We are looking upon a magnificent era, an era of conscience and of high ideals is developing, and is at hand. And we may rejoice and be glad of the fact that the same standards of honor and integrity are demanded of corporations as are demanded of the individuals that compose them.

We may rejoice in the fact that individual or corporate prosperity that rests upon trickery, dishonesty or wrongdoing is not the kind of proseprity that this Republic demands or will tolerate. We need to look more toward the development of conscience, and to hope that we shall have less and less of legislative enactments.

It has been suggested that the hindsight of some politicians and statesmen is more luminous than their foresight, and it reminds me of those lines of spring poetry that are not inapt even on a June night:

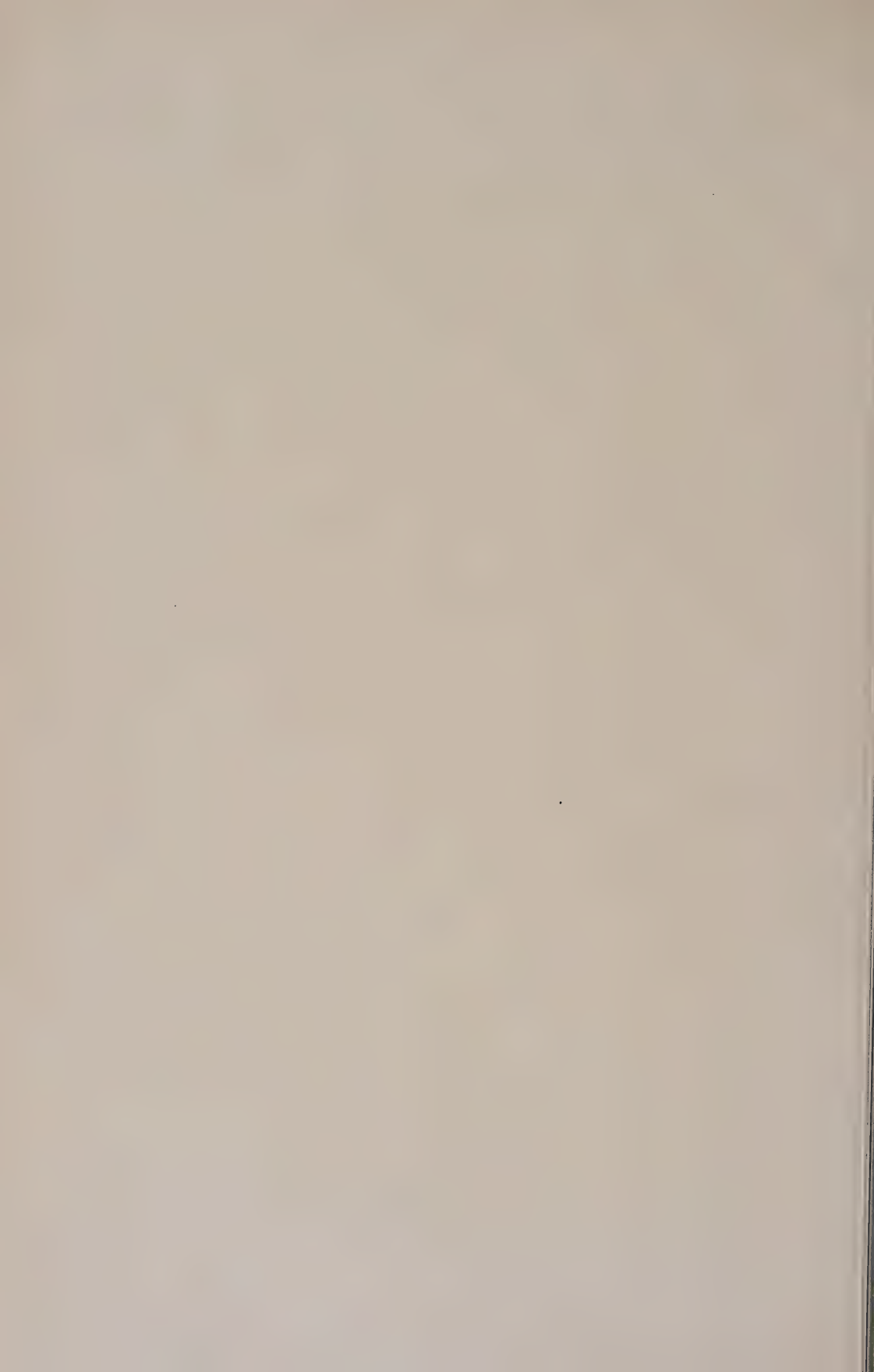
The lightning bug is brilliant,
But it has not any mind;
It stumbles through existence
With its headlight on behind.

I believe that the recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States mean a forward step in this era of conscience and of high ideals from which we shall not turn back. I believe they mean much for the financial, the commercial, yes, the professional world, in mighty advance, and in increased prosperity. I believe that this nation of ours must take the initiative in the settlement of this great economic, social and reform movement, and others that are now before the world. It was my pleasure, in connection with Dr. McKelway, to meet at Lake Mohonk recently Dean Worcester, of England, and the minister of the German Empire, and they stated frankly to me that the world was looking to the United States to take the lead in the solving of these great world-wide problems, that, as they expressed it, "You have the money and the men."

I believe that if our country is to take the lead in the march of human progress in the onward sweep of civilization along the higher plane of humanity, our boasted liberty must not degenerate



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BANQUET



into license, and we must know when to take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of freedom wider yet.

When I look upon our American manhood, both in our professional and in our commercial life, and in all the varied channels of the nation's activities and upon this country of ours so magnificent in its area, reaching from the clime of perpetual summer to the Arctic snows, and embracing all that vast territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific, I feel like joining with the poet when he sings:

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama of the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Spread, then, great land, thine arms afar,
Your golden harvest westward roll,
Banner by banner, star by star,
Ally the tropics and the pole.

The Toastmaster: When the silver orator of the West was sweeping on his triumphant tour across the states and into the enemy's country it became his custom to take his wife along with him. At a large and enthusiastic gathering in New York the chairman of the meeting introduced him to the throng, and turning to Mrs. Bryan said: "And this is the woman who all through the heat of this campaign has followed our matchless leader from city to city, has shared with him the ridicule and abuse of his opponents and has rejoiced with him in the enthusiasm of the followers of the true democracy. She has helped and encouraged him in his fight for our cause, and on the fourth of March, after the ballots are counted and the heat of the struggle overcome, she will sleep in the White House." At this impressive juncture an Irishman in the back row yelled out, "Faith, and if she does, she will sleep with Billy Taft." And sometimes political predictions come true. We have with us to-night a gentleman about whose classic head many a political prediction has hovered. When an elected official has made good, when he has made good to such an extent that he has achieved the reputation of Comptroller Prendergast, **then** it is a privilege to introduce him simply as a fellow homœopath.

Dollars and Sense.**Hon. William A. Prendergast****Comptroller of the City of New York.**

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—The last words of the chairman move me to say that the principal duty of a public official in the City of New York at the present time is not to concern himself with the political predictions that circle around his head, but rather to protect his head from the bricks that come flying every hour in the day. Your chairman assigned to me a most interesting subject, "Dollars and Sense," not cents of a money character, but sense of a mental character.

Now, in my capacity as comptroller of New York, I have had a good deal to do with dollars. And sometimes I am afraid from the way in which we act that the public has an idea that we have very little to do with sense. I draw this conclusion from the number of anonymous letters that reach my desk, as I have no doubt they reach the desks of other public officials. But, while speaking of the comptrollership, I do not find myself in the same humor as Dr. King, who, in his excellent speech, seemed to congratulate himself that he was no longer a dean. He talked of the comfort and the popularity that come to "exes." Now, I am going to be very candid with you and say that I would rather be a comptroller than an ex-comptroller, and it is very much more comforting. I will admit that I do belong to a political party. My friend, Dr. Copeland, made some invidious remarks about political machines. I am afraid that in Michigan when he associated with machines—to the profit of his fame—that he did not know the same kind of a political machine that we create and maintain in the great State of New York.

Dr. Copeland, there is no ingredient that enters into the make-up of our political machines other than the purest mindedness. If you want to see unselfishness emblemized, gaze upon the political machine. If you want to view men ever anxious, yearning for an opportunity to serve their country, look upon the political machine. And let me tell you another thing about the political machine, as a general rule if you want to look upon men who are not ashamed of their calling, look upon those in the political machine.

I hope the time has not arrived, gentlemen, when we are going to send the political machine to the scrap heap. It is always very

popular, I will admit, and it sounds well to talk against political machines, just between elections, but my experience has been, and I think that there are many men, some of them most distinguished, who have found the political machine a most useful instrument in the consummation of their ambitions. And if it were not for the political machine, they would not be in public office. I say that in all seriousness, gentlemen. It sounds well, let me say, to decry the activity of politicians, but I know from experience and am willing to admit it even in this presence, that when there is work to be done, the work that is absolutely essential to political success, to gathering the ballots upon election day, to the creation of that sentiment which helps the candidacy of men before the public, in assembling those forces without which the success of candidates could not be achieved, the men upon whom candidates depend are the men who belong to political machines.

And I hope the time will never come in our political history when those that serve their parties decently and honestly will be regarded as belonging to a profession that is not worthy of public confidence or worthy of public commendation.

And I will advance another precept, although I do not know that it has anything to do with dollars and sense. I will advance another precept, and that is that when you have been elected to office you are not called upon and you are not expected, and human gratitude *does* not suggest or dictate that you shall turn your back upon the men who elected you to public office. And I will go still farther, and say that in the administration of the civil service we do not want to create around that civil service any such atmosphere of political hypocrisy as will make a man believe that in entering the service he is called upon to surrender his political convictions and his political activity. In other words, gentlemen, in our efforts to progress, in our desire to attune ourselves to what some may believe the reform spirit of the age, in which I am a great believer, we do not want to convey the idea that political life is not a worthy calling, that it is not a life in which any man has a right to enter with the confidence that if he acquits himself well he will be worthy of the praise and confidence of his fellow citizens.

So much for political machines. Now, gentlemen, Dr. Copeland also furnished me with another theme.

He spoke of the interest that the comptroller of the City of New

York is called upon to take in the great social service activities of the city; and I wish to say to you that among the most attractive features of the comptrollership, and I have found many others in that office already—I appreciate none more, none higher, than the opportunity to study to become familiar with our great social service activities. And I don't know of any respect in which a comptroller of the City of New York could acquit himself with more credit in his position than to devote as much of his attention as is possible to that particular work.

Early in my administration I started out to study this question, and in doing so I realize that I have encountered considerable trouble, but we like trouble; the more of it the better. We thrive upon it, and I propose before I leave this office to convince the people of New York that there is a relationship between the comptroller's office and those social service activities, expressed in its hospitals and other services that means a great deal to the welfare of this community, and that it is a duty of the comptroller to so understand this great question that it will not merely be a matter of authorizing payments to institutions, but that he will understand full well why payments are made, the justice, the propriety of making those payments, and further than that, that he shall so familiarize himself with these social service activities that he will be in a position to extend, as far as the city reasonably can, its aid, its support, to this service, and aid in the extension of them to the greatest possible degree.

We are at the present time, I will say to you, engaged in such a study of the institutions that receive city aid. You realize, I am sure, because the gentlemen here are more familiar with that subject than is the general public, that the City of New York during the last few years has been paying out a great sum of money to charitable institutions and to hospitals. The amount averages about five millions of dollars a year. This year it will almost amount to that figure. Now, gentlemen, I believe that when we are paying out this sum of money we should have a thorough understanding of why the money is paid, and if we are not paying enough to help along in these works, that we ought to pay more, but that the disposition to pay more, the desire to pay more, must be based upon facts, upon real knowledge of the conditions requiring greater aid.

And I have found in studying this question, I can assure you, that

with the great number of duties that pertain to almost any high municipal office, we do not have quite as much time as we should to go into a subject such as this. I have found that there is everywhere among the public a desire to help along the social service activities of the city, and that every time you can justify aid to them the public itself will stand behind the effort to help them.

Now, another thing that has impressed itself upon me is this: There has not been, in my judgment, and I trust that no one will take offense at what I say, no matter what his interest may be in any particular charity or institution—there has not been that uniform thought in our attention, in our aid to our institutions that there should have been. I find institutions in Brooklyn that it would be too harsh to say they had been neglected, but to a great extent they have been neglected when we consider the aid that the city has given to institutions in other parts of the city. I find that those who serve the institutions are not in many cases paid adequately for their service. We find that in many cases there is an unexplainable disparity between the compensation given to men and women doing the same character of work in different institutions. I cannot see why a man or woman who serves in the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn should not be paid just the same salary for the same kind of service as is a man or a woman who works in a hospital in Manhattan. And what does all this mean? It simply means, my friends, that there has not been given to the subject that general thought and uniform attention and uniform action that the situation deserves.

Now, we will get down to a concrete case. Another thing you mentioned, my good doctor. There has been some agitation for the past few days, due to the great catastrophe that took place at Coney Island last Friday night, an effort to acquire a large piece of water front for the purposes of a public park. Now, personally and officially, I am in favor of securing for our people all the park space that they need. I am in favor of establishing parks wherever their establishment is going to be of real use to the people; and I will go further than that, and say that I believe that a park, a great public park at Coney Island, would be a good thing, but I have already taken the ground, and I reiterate it here, that our first duty is to those neglected portions of the city's work that are now appealing for aid, that are really crying for the proper kind of attention,

and until they are given the aid that they require, until the city has provided for them adequately, that we should not turn our attention to any other project that is not absolutely pressing. And if it is a question between a larger, better hospital in Brooklyn, at Cumberland Street, for instance, and better hospitals in other parts of the city, the activities of which at the present time are overtaxed, a great part of the year, if it is a question of giving them the attention they deserve, I regard the situation as more pressing than the purchase of the Dreamland property.

There is nothing like straight talk, and whenever it is necessary to talk right out, I want you gentlemen to feel that I am always ready to do it. And I do not propose to use language for the purpose of concealing my thoughts.

Now, gentlemen, all this, most of this that I have discussed with you means the expenditure of dollars. It is very important that the expenditure of dollars should be dictated by and accompanied by an exhibition of good common sense. The American people are a most generous people, and I do not believe that there is any community more generous, more open-hearted, more liberal-minded, more willing to be prodigal even, with that which it possesses, than the people of the City of New York, and the people never, never complain if their dollars are spent with good sense. It is only when the dollar is wasted, it is only when the value of a dollar does not come back to us for the dollar put out, that they have a right to complain or that they do complain. Think of the great sum of money the City of New York will spend this year! It will spend more next year. Look for a stiff rate next year, gentlemen. I thought I might as well prepare you for the worst.

But, if we want all the things for which the people cry and cry justly, we have got to spend money. That expenditure of the money does not mean so much; the thing that does mean a very great deal, in fact, the thing that means everything, is, shall the money be well expended? Now, that, my friends, is the duty of public officials, to disburse funds, with good sense, with judgment, with some idea of the demands of the future, and the City of New York is just entering upon an era when her expenditures will be the very largest of her history. The subway question, I believe, will be settled in two weeks.

I am so fond of differing with high authority that I could not con-

fine myself to one week even on that proposition. Two weeks, gentlemen. What does that mean? Why it means millions during the next five years, millions for subways, millions for schools, millions for hospitals, millions for new buildings for the fire department, millions for the police department. The police commissioner was down to-day—the new one—long may he live! The only trouble with police commissioners, it seems to me, is that they are, as each one goes in, he is an exemplification of the theory of the triumph of hope over experience. The police commissioner was down to-day at a hearing upon the corporate stock budget of the city, and I said to him, "Well, Mr. Commissioner, your predecessor asked for six hundred thousand dollars for new buildings, sites and buildings." "Yes," said the Commissioner, "if I had been doing that, I would have asked for twice as much." I have not the slightest doubt that twice as much could be spent and spent wisely. No doubt Mr. Waldo was speaking most advisedly when he said that. But I merely mentioin that, gentlemen, to show you that there is practically no limit to the demands that the community is making upon its own resources. And that is a question that we should all study, and study very carefully. Now, gentlemen, I am very glad indeed that you gave me an opportunity to be here. I am glad that I have had a chance to say these few words to you, especially in regard to our charitable institutions, and the attitude of the finance department at the present time regarding them. It is one of the very friendliest character, it is one, if you will permit me to say it, of the highest sympathy. It is one of co-operation to the fullest extent. I would like to know all I can learn about the institutions, so that I can serve them better, and in serving, trying to serve them well, I am sure that I will in a slight degree be serving the interests in which you believe, and with which you are so closely associated; and what is quite as important, if not more so, than any special interest we may have in the case, that we will be serving the interests of the entire community.

The Toastmaster: I heard of a minister who had a church paying him eighteen hundred dollars a year, and he received a call to a church paying him three thousand dollars a year, and he went to his senior deacon, and he said, "Deacon, do you think it is a call?" Now the old deacon was a shrewd old rascal who had played poker in his younger days, and he said, "Oh, I dunno, parson, I think it is



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a raise." We have with us to-night a gentleman who is pastor of one of the largest churches in Brooklyn; importuned by calls from all over the United States, he has remained steadfast. Money cannot tempt him. Such a man is an honor to the church, and it is with great pleasure that I present to-night Rev. Dr. Carson.

Our Mutual Relations.

Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson,

**Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church
of the United States.**

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen—When I came to this platform this evening, I felt quite at unrest, for I did not know, just how a preacher would fit into a convivial gathering of physicians. I am very glad to see that the doctors who come into our homes with such sober faces can be boys. I read some time ago—if the Coingressman, the story teller of the evening, will permit me to tell this story—of a physician who was quietly spending the evening with his wife, and a note was handed him and the note was signed by two fellow practitioners, and it read something in this way: "Come over to the club, we are short just one for a game." I don't know what the game was. He turned to his wife and he said, "Emily, I am very, very sorry that I have to leave you to-night. It is a very important call; it must be a very serious case, for there are already two physicians in attendance." He was very much of the spirit of some of you to-night, especially of that Amen Corner over there. That is quite a responsive corner, whether in spirit or spirits, it is not for me to say. But I felt quite at home in a minute or two, especially when your honored president rose to speak, and in his address made a fervent appeal to you for money on behalf of the institution that he represents, and then when I heard the dean of your college making his great plea for larger contributions for the efficiency of the institution I said—and I think I infer correctly—he was well brought up in the Methodist faith. I say that because of his reference to Bishop Berry and to Bishop Fowler, and his acquaintance with clergymen, and longed for an opportunity to get hold of him some time when I wanted money from my people, and have him come in. And then I felt quite at home when these gentlemen were complimenting your board of trustees. That we preachers have to do with a venegance.

I had a post card a little while ago from a colored man in the South, making an appeal to me for some money, and he signed his name, "John Jones, Manager of the Board of Trustees." And I longed for that fellow to come to Brooklyn to manage that board of trustees.

I find that your dean has the art of doing that sort of thing, in the fine things that he has said of your trustees. Then, I felt quite at home when your toastmaster began to announce that hymn. Of course, it was a revised version of the hymn, but we are living in such advanced days that we are quite used to revisions of all things, in medicine, I think—I know in theology. Then I felt again at home when I heard the distinguished comptroller of this city doing what we preachers very often are called upon to do, defend an impossible proposition. And when I listened to his superb analysis of the political machine as the unselfish and the patriotic force that makes possible everything that is good in our civic life, and in our national institutions, I said: "He is a past master of sophistry, in argument and in eloquence."

I have only this to say about the political machines, we could get along splendidly without a great deal of the machination and the maneuvering of political machines if we had in politics and in official position, men of the mental calibre and the moral character of William A. Prendergast. And I am mighty glad that he is very much like some of us preachers, he does not practice what he preaches, for I know of no one in our civic life to-day who has attacked by his work, if not by his words, the machine element of politics, which is a detestable thing in the eyes of a good many of us men. The machine as a political organization is an absolute necessity, as I agree with him in his sermon on this subject; an absolute necessity, but, as managed by some, we can get along without it very handsomely in our civic life.

There was just another thing that embarrassed me in coming and listening and speaking, and that is that these men have all spoken on their specialties. Here are physicians telling us about their institutions, and the dean giving us quite an analysis of his *materia medica*, as applied to homœopathy, the blackening of the hair, and the shaving of the face, and the Turkish bath, and the reducing of a man's age to the period of his childhood, and then the death that follows; and then his plea just after he had told us of the man dying of

cholera morbus, or some other disease of childhood. "Give us men of the efficiency to plead a cause as this man plead it, and we will put our college at the summit of the medical schools of the country," reminded me very much of the physician who was asked by a friend, "Is it true, sir, that a good many people are buried alive?" and the physician answered, "None of my patients are." And I wondered if his idea of medical efficiency was a two-weeks' death after the practice of his *materia medica* upon us poor laymen. Now I have no specialty but one, and my specialty is preaching a sermon. I fancy it might not be inappropriate, and I feel quite sure that a sermon would be quite a novelty to some of you fellows who are here to-night, and so I may stick to it, and yet I fear that, as is very frequently the case, the room would be empty before I got through with the sermon.

I am glad to look into the faces of you representatives of the medical profession, and to greet you to-night as one closely allied with you in the great ministry to humanity which you are rendering. You men are fighting the battles of health, you are splendidly pushing the skirmish line into the whole territory of disease. In this age and generation when every man and all professions are brought under the searchlight of criticism and of analysis, your profession has not escaped, but it would seem to us as we have watched the movements of the times, it has been full of cheer and of inspiration to know that you have allowed the criticism and the scorn to pass on without much attention being given to it. Perhaps you do not read the *Philistine*. By the way, I understand that the editor of it was the son of a physician. Like Mr. Ingersoll himself, who was the son of a minister, I believe he got, as Ingersoll did from the old father, the mental power and moral character, the mental fibre which makes it possible for him to sling phrases that have nothing but scorn in them.

You have stood the criticism, and it is a fine thing to have criticism. I am very much like the preacher of Brooklyn who said to a newspaper man who asked him what he should say about him: "Anything you please, provided you say something." And I tell you there is some life in a thing which is being criticised, and when a man or a movement is sufficiently strong and firm and forceful and effective to call forth and to provoke criticism and antagonism, we can rest assured that there is power resident in it. Now, I want to

come just in closing, to say to you three things, for your distinguished and brilliant toastmaster assigned me a text which I confess to you I forgot all about until I saw it printed here upon your programme, "Our Mutual Relations."

Gentlemen, we have a mutual relationship. As I said to Dr. McDowell a moment ago, as I looked around this room I saw seventeen men whom I have met in chambers of sickness in our borough, and I doubt not that many others of you I have met in similar conditions and circumstances. We have a mutual relationship. One of them is this service for others, and the medical profession stands at the front in that, and I believe it is the inheritor of the old spirit of chivalry which made men a force and a value to the world. The call upon you is for self-denial and self-sacrifice along many lines, and that physician who is not willing to put his life with all its resources on the altar of sacrifice for the welfare of humanity is a disgrace to his profession. That man only has power and force who is willing to put his life at the service of those who are in need, and as I have met physicians in Greater New York during these twenty-six years, I have found that to be true of them, the sacrifice of their time and their labor and their comfort and the conveniences which men in other professions and other callings have for the sake of those who are in need and who are suffering, and the call for service without respect of danger or of reward.

I heard the other day of a young man who was asked why he was studying for the profession of medicine, and he answered the inquiry by saying: "Because I believe it is the easiest way to wealth." He was a sophomore, let me tell you, in a medical school. When he has gone through two or three years, he will find out his mistake, I am pretty sure. Gentlemen, in your profession and in mine, and in these two pre-eminently, when our work takes a metallic ring, it loses its moral power and its best efficiency. And there must be inevitably the instinct and the purpose of the man to serve and find his reward in the benefit that he brings to his fellow man; that is our first mutual relationship.

Our second mutual relationship is the emphasis that we are called upon to place upon the sanctity of life. There is nothing in this world but life. There was a time when preachers used to appeal to men for the salvation of their souls, but that ghost-like religion has passed into oblivion, and the call of to-day is for the salvation

of life, the building up of manhood in this world and the next will take care of itself.

I have a friend that I cherish most highly, not in your school of medicine—but the schools are somewhat merging, and I pray God the time may come in medicine, as it has come largely in theology, when the lines that separate men shall be obliterated, and we shall be one in the great purposes of our profession, whatever it be. I have and cherish among my friends, Dr. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and I know that man goes to the sick room without any spirit of pietism which is detestable in a doctor of medicine or of divinity, but with a genuine appreciation of human life; he realizes that his mission and ministry to the sick man is not simply the curing of an acute condition of disease, but the moulding of a life and the placing of the emphasis of his manhood and of his ministry upon the value of that life. You men have the opportunity.

Let me preach to you a minute. You men have the opportunity. No man in the world has such a chance as the physician when he comes to a man depressed and disturbed because of his physical condition, because of his disease, and while ministering to that bodily ailment he can do his part to uplift the mind and the heart and tone up the whole life. Gentlemen, throw it not away. Your highest reward and your finest service are there. We are mutual in that. We are coming upon an age where the psychic element seems to be supreme. Psychical studies, psychical research, seem to have become the fad of our age, and in the presence of this psychic movement, we are very apt to lose our sanity with reference to the relationship of the body to the mind, and put just a little bit too much emphasis upon mortal mind and not quite enough upon the regency and the reigning power of the purely intellectual. I do not know a physician who is not a faith curist.

I have heard you applaud here to-night the name of William Tod Helmuth. I did not know the distinguished gentlemen personally, but the name you are applauding, the name of Helmuth, is one of the most sacred names in my memory of my early boyhood, for old Dr. Helmuth, of Philadelphia, a homœopath, was the physician in my father's home when I was a lad, and the coming of old Dr. Helmuth—I do not know whether he is any relation to your Helmuth or not—the coming of old Dr. Helmuth into our home was a

benediction, and I don't know but that among the great things that the home of to-day is fast losing, and losing to its great disadvantage, is the family doctor. You fellows are largely responsible for it, for you are specializing so much that we are tempted to go to the man who treats the eye when we have got a speck in the eye, and to the man who treats something else when something else happens to us, and we are losing the touch of Ian Maclaren's doctor of the old school, and that is a saving touch. I like the old family doctor, who is a sort of all round man that knows everything, and efficiently prescribes for it all, and does it efficiently.

Just one thing more, and I have done. We are mutual in this, that we need to put the emphasis for disease or spiritual profit, upon the value of character. Character is everything. You men have in your vocabulary a word which is frequently used in your school, and that word is potency. Now potency is character, and without at all entering into the minute differences that you have among yourselves, let me say that the highest potency in this realm is the most efficient character. Character is everything, and you men in the profession need the emphasis upon that, for doctors like preachers, in their line, must have the character themselves before they can inspire it in others. Say what you please, it is the man of character who counts in politics, or in medicine, or in ministry, or in commerce, or in any calling of life. The manhood is everything. If it does not weary you, I want to tell you a story, and then sit down.

A young man and a young woman had been keeping company for quite a while. They came to a certain period in their fellowship when the young man felt that he ought to say something to the girl. I fancy the girl thought he should have said it some time before, but he at least came to the conclusion that night, and he said: "Mary, there is something that I would like to say to you, but I hesitate." And Mary's head fell upon her bosom, and that beautiful maidenly blush of which we hear, came into her cheeks, and after a little while she looked up, and said, "What is it, John?" "Well," he said, "it is personal, Mary, and I hesitate to mention it." "Well," she said, "you need not mind me, John; go on." And just here let me say I told this story at a dinner down at Atlantic City lately, and my wife was present, and she said to me, "Look here," when we got back to the hotel, "Look here; if you tell that story again, you must say that you did not get helped out that way." But this Mary

was more sympathetic and thoughtful of her John than my Bessie was of her John, and she helped him. Finally, after a good deal of coaxing, he said, "Mary, I am a somnambulist." Mary thought for a moment, and said, "John, I don't know that that makes any difference. My father was a Presbyterian, my mother was a Methodist, I myself am a Baptist. Now, John, we will compromise on that. You can go with me to my church in the morning and I will go with you at night."

Now, gentlemen, I believe that Mary's solicitude at that time was not because of her ignorance of ecclesiastical history and tradition, nor because of her indifference to theological distinctions and differentiations, but Mary's solicitude at that time was over the fact that to her the important thing was the man. And, gentlemen, the important thing in your profession and in mine, the important thing in the comptroller's office, or the Congress of the United States, the important thing is the man, a man of character, equipped by education and training and experience for his business. You cannot without manhood have the efficiency; the efficiency comes from the training and the discipline and the experience and backing it all up there must be the personality, for personality is the power that moves.

The Toastmaster: Our president of the Board of Trustees needs no introduction whatever. Mr. Cary.

Our College.

Hon. Melbert B. Cary,

President of Our Board of Trustees.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association—After hearing the eloquent remarks of Dr. Carson, I am sure we will agree that we would like to have him go on with that sermon, and we are sorry that he did as the deacon in the prayer meeting when called upon by the parson to lead in prayer, he looked up and said, "It ain't my lead." When I heard the silver-tongued orator from Westchester County tell of the ideal mankind of twenty-five years from now it reminded me of a man I met in Mexico about two months ago whom I thought was the most cosmopolitan citizen that I had ever seen. He was born in England, his father was a Spaniard, his mother was a French woman. He was educated in Germany, and Mexico became the country of his

adoption, but he told me that personally his choice was half Scotch and half water.

I received also in Mexico the invitation of your toastmaster to speak to you to-night upon "Our College." I sometimes wish it were my college also in the sense that it is yours. The alumni of this institution I consider are the most important factors in the institution. We have the trustees, we have the faculty, we have the alumni and the general public, but, gentlemen, of all these factors, you are the most important. You are the men who are tied to your Alma Mater for life. I may resign to-morrow from the Board of Trustees, so may any of us, and that ends our connection with the institution. You cannot resign. A member of the faculty may resign, and, if he is not an alumnus, that ends his connection forever. You cannot do that. The public may lose interest in us, but you, gentlemen, are the great wheel that makes this institution go round. We depend upon you more than anyone else. I told your Executive Committee this morning that I regarded them as the inner wheel of the big wheel, and that no policy would be undertaken by this institution, with my consent without first advising with them and finding how the alumni thought about the matter in question.

I do not know why I have been and am so much interested in this institution. I have been with you now, officially, for fourteen or fifteen years, and I do not want you to think that I have any intention of resigning unless you want me to (cries of "No"). But, gentlemen, I sometimes think that my position is like that I heard on a steamer coming over a few years ago, where I met an Irishman and an Englishman and a Scotchman in the smoking room, and they were having a nice time together, and the Englishman said to the Scotchman, "Sandy, if you had not been born a Scotchman, what would you rather have been born?" "Why," said Sandy, "if I had not been born a Scotchman, I would rather have been born an Englishman." And then Sandy put the same question to John, the Englishman, and John said, of course, that if he had not been born an Englishman, he would rather have been born a Scotchman. And then they turned to Pat, and said, "Well, Pat, what would you rather have been born, if you had not been born an Irishman?" Pat said, "If I had not been born an Irishman, I would be ashamed of myself."

Now, gentlemen, I do not mean that I am ashamed of myself because I was born a lawyer, because that is the simple truth. But if I were not a lawyer, if I had not chosen that profession, with my knowledge and my experience, especially in the last fourteen years, with you and your associates, I would rather be a physician than any other thing else in the wide world.

Speaking of my recent trip and my travels, I want to tell you that there is one book that I always carry in my bag. It is always there. Now, I know my friend, Dr. Carson, is thinking of the Good Book, and I suppose it ought to be the Good Book, but it is not. That book, gentlemen, you never could guess, but I will tell you. It is the catalogue of the alumni of this institution, name by name, the residence given directly opposite the name, and every time I go to a new city, I look up the alumni of this institution in that city, and talk to them about the institution.

In San Francisco a few weeks ago, at the Fairmount Hotel, I sent my card up to Dr. Ward. You all know Dr. Ward, the president of the Hahnemann Hospital there, and of the college, one of our alumni. We had a very delightful time. The next morning when I went to my room after breakfast I found a card there addressed to Mrs. Cary, and the room was full of roses. Dr. Ward said to me, "Mr. Cary, we have a prosperous college here, we have a fine hospital, but we are all looking to you in New York; we are all looking to the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital to take the lead, to take the lead in this country in everything pertaining to homœopathy.

When I was in Mexico, at Guaymas, I visited the hospital there, saw some of the insurrectos who had been wounded. I had a very nice interview with the superintendent. My Spanish was very weak, but it was enough to get along with, and I want to say to you that what surprised me and my wife, who was with me in the hospital, was something that will surprise you. It was the fact that that hospital was just as clean and neat as ours ever was. It was a great surprise to me; but that is true; that is true of the Mexican hospital. Another thing, when we were leaving a lady approached, a Mexican lady, and was presented to us, and the lady who presides over my destiny and controls my administration of everything remarked to the superintendent of the hospital, in the best Spanish she could muster, "This lady, I presume, is your matron." Instead

of the word matron, unfortunately, she used the word mother. The superintendent answered in the purest Castilian, "No, senora, she is my wife."

Dr. Copeland, our dean, has given you a report in part of what we have done during the past year. I want to supplement that by a few words. I want to say that the trustees appreciate more than we can tell, the great work that has been done by the faculty, by the officials of the hospital, and especially by our dean, Dr. Copeland. I want to read to you a letter that was received to-day from Eugene H. Porter, State Commissioner of Health, whom you all know, wherein he says: "It is with the utmost regret that I am compelled to write to you of my inability to be with you on Thursday evening, June 1st. Unexpected and imperative official duties will require my presence in another part of the state. I desired to be present at the alumni banquet, not alone for good fellowship, the renewal of old friendships and the pleasant revival of old memories and associations, but more particularly because the time and the occasion should serve markedly to call attention to the pronounced advances made by our Alma Mater during the past few years. A college, like a man, cannot stand still. It must either go forward or backward. A review of the years and a comparison of conditions make plain the progress made, and illustrate clearly the present enviable position of Alma Mater among kindred institutions of learning, a position and a standing that should rejoice every loyal alumnus. I am thinking as I write of our better and broader courses of instruction, of our great laboratory facilities, of our increased endowments, of the aroused interest of the profession, and last, the increased number of students. I do not, of course, deem our faculty, any more than other faculties, to be composed exclusively of saints nor that necessarily all knowledge and history will die with our dean, but I do feel that both have done faithful and efficient work, amid many embarrassments and difficulties, and should be heartily, loyally and constantly supported by every graduate of the college. With most cordial greetings, I am, very sincerely yours, Eugene H. Porter."

Gentlemen, if I had the time, I would like to tell you more about our dean, but I have only the time to say that last summer or last fall the Board of Trustees made a new contract with our dean, which is a perpetual contract, and he is to stay with us forever. He has burned his bridges behind him, he has identified himself with

our institution permanently, and that is what the trustees think of him. And in speaking of the trustees, I want to supplement a word that the dean said in regard to their activity. I want you to understand that these twenty-two gentlemen, none of whom, of course, receive any emolument or any advantage of that sort from their connection with this institution; that those twenty-two men are devoted to the interest of the college and the hospital and to your interests; busy men, men of prominence, many of them here in New York City, give their time and their labor and their money to help this institution, because they believe in it, because they love it. I want to remind you of the terrible explosion in the New York Central yards a few months ago. It occurred, as you know, in the morning, at breakfast. I heard of it at breakfast. Of course, I went right to the hospital. It was a sight that I will never forget. The ambulances were coming in one after another carrying the maimed and the wounded and the suffering; taxicabs were coming up the same way, police patrol wagons; every room was crowded with these suffering victims. Dr. Copeland was there himself, all the faculty that could be reached, all the doctors in charge, men were there working whose incomes approach almost six figures; men whose incomes are enormous, were there working for their love for the institution, and for the sake of humanity. I wondered where one of our trustees was, who is always on hand, but I did not say anything. That afternoon, however, I learned that within half an hour after the accident, he was down at the scene of the accident, and was there superintending our ambulances and helping lift these people into them, and stayed there all day. That is just a sample of the kind of men we have got on the board, and that is just a sample of the kind of work we are doing and shall continue to do. When you find a man who spends his summers yachting and a man of independent means who does not have to do a stroke of work giving up a yachting trip and staying in New York during the whole month of July in order to help our work with our buildings, and be sure it is done right, I tell you, gentlemen, that means something, and I want our worthy comptroller, whose remarks I have heard to-night with the greatest interest, to know that our institution now is on a business basis. We would like him at any time that he chooses to send to our institution a representative who will make an investigation of our methods of doing business,

of our income and our outgo and the cost it is for us to maintain patients and every detail. We want him to know that we have this kind of men as trustees, co-operating with your dean and with the faculty and with the alumni in carrying on the work of this institution. And, gentlemen, we are to be congratulated, the hospitals of this city are to be congratulated, and New York is to be congratulated on the fact that we have now in the office of comptroller a man not only who is honest, a man not only who is able, a man who is not only gifted, but a man who does appreciate the importance of the social service institutions, and I know he is willing to intelligently co-operate with those who are trying to do something good in this way.

There never has been a time, gentlemen, when the relations between the alumni and the faculty and the trustees have been more close or more harmonious. There never has been a time within my recollection, going back twenty years, in connection with this institution, when we were doing more effective work, when this great word efficiency was more appreciated and was more put into practice than at the present time. And I want to say, too, that we are standing by our colors, that we are teaching what is called straight homœopathy, and I want to say that I don't care as a layman about the high potencies or the low potencies. I do not know much about that. I do not care whether you prescribe a smell or a tubful, so long as it is according to the law of similars, and so long as we are a homœopathic institution, so long as that is nailed to our flagstaff we shall be homœopaths, and shall teach nothing but straight homœopathy.

Now I am coming to a serious point. I am not going to ask you for any money. I am not going to bring before you anything that requires money from you, but, as Commissioner Porter has said in his letter, an institution of this kind cannot stand still. We must progress, we must not be like our friends in the neighboring city to whom we have sent a telegram—I do not mean the doctors there or the homœopaths, but I mean the reputation of Philadelphia which is exemplified in a story told by Colonel Harvey. At one time he said that he was lunching with a gentleman from Philadelphia, and he asked this man what he would like to have, and the man looked over the menu and said, "I see you have snails here. I am very fond of snails." So they ordered snails, and they enjoyed these

snails, and then Colonel Harvey asked his friend from Philadelphia what he would like afterwards. "Well," he said, "if you do not mind, I would like to have another dish of snails." "Why, certainly," said Harvey, and ordered another dish of snails, and he puzzled over it a moment, and then he turned to his friend and said, "Why, don't you have snails in Philadelphia." "Why, yes," the man said, "but we cannot catch them."

You have heard of the man who was trying to sell a horse to an old David Harum, and he brought up several horses, and of one of them he said, "This horse has got a record. This horse a few years ago trotted a mile in 2:08." The man said, "Don't like him." He brought up another horse, a colt, and said, "This colt is going to beat the world. He is going to make the best time that was ever made." The man did not like him. He turned around to the horse jockey, and he said, "Now, here, I don't want to buy a has-been, I don't want to buy a going-to-be, what I want is an iser, I want an iser." What we want to-day is not to consider the past and not to worry about the future, but this institution must keep up with the procession, we must be doing something, we must be making a record, and there is one thing that I am going to propose to you tonight. I am not going to prescribe it, because only yesterday I read of a trial of this city where a person was being tried for practicing without a license, and the excuse was that this pseudo-physician simply said he only recommended things.

Now my respect for the alumni is so great that I am not going to advise, nor prescribe, but I am going to recommend, and I want to say that I spoke of this plan this morning to your Executive Committee, and they were kind enough to give it their unanimous endorsement, and this is the plan. Of course, we are all aware of the great efforts that are being made and have been made here and all over the country to combat the ravages of the white plague. This City of New York, as I read last week in the *Evening Post*, has appropriated for the last year two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars to aid the committee in this city of our charity organization society that is trying to prevent the spread of this plague. We had large tuberculosis exhibits traveling all over during the last two years. Everybody is aroused upon this subject, but don't you realize that to-day if a man comes to our hospital, or a woman, poor, or perhaps able to pay a little, but not much, he can get treat-

ment such as we can give him, but none of you physicians will tell him that you are confident you can cure him. You know you cannot tell them that and feel sure about it.

All the efforts of the past have been towards preventing the spread of tuberculosis, but there has been no combined effort, any effort, by any institution of any city or any hospital to cure the cases that can be cured. I know there are sanatoria in the different states, I knew there are private sanatoria in the mountains in West Virginia and in the Adirondacks, but, gentlemen, speaking as a layman, but a layman who has thought about this subject a great deal, and who has spent a great many months of his life in the far West, and in those climes where people go with one lung and live there for years, where people go in the incipient stages of this disease and are absolutely cured. I tell you that what ought to be done by some institution—it ought to be done right away, and if we do not do it somebody else will do it—is this: We ought to establish out there in a place like Arizona or New Mexico, a resident physician, one of our men, send him out there as a member, say, of our faculty, or of our force, and then when people come to us here in New York and say as they have to me—one man I know, an editor here of a country paper, lives at my country home—came to me and said, “Mr. Cary, my daughter is going to die of consumption unless I can do something for her. Her mother died of it, and I want to know what I can do. I would send her out to those states where she could be cured if I dared to. I have a little money, I can do something, but I do not dare to send a young girl out there without knowing any doctor there, without knowing anybody, because if anything should happen to her, I would not know what became of her.” Now, gentlemen, if we had our resident physician there, and if we had a small amount of money for him to use, you could say at the hospital, “Send your daughter out to this place, to meet Dr. So-and-So, and he will look after her; and if you can pay so much we will pay the rest out of the fund that we have.” Do you know that the United States Government, after years of examination and investigation, located at Fort Bayard, in New Mexico, a sanitarium for all the consumptives of the army, and that Fort Bayard has been a wonderful success? I have been there; I have seen it. Instead of being an army post it is a beautiful little village on a plain in a delightful clime in New Mexico. There are army officers there of

high degree, there are privates there; anybody who, in the United States Army, has tuberculosis can go there and can live there and can be cured there.

Dr. Custis, over there, knows all about it. He told me to-day that their reports have been read by him and were very satisfactory.

Now, gentlemen, I recommend that you appoint a committee at some near time to take this matter in charge. If you decide that if the money is forthcoming, and I believe it will be, that you will do something of this sort, that you will establish a resident physician somewhere in the clime that is considered the most preferred for curing tuberculosis, and then see if the public does not respond and does not either furnish the necessary funds to carry on this work, or possibly some one who will be impressed by it does not come forward and endow the whole thing. I believe it will come to pass, I believe it will be done, but, gentlemen, I want our institution to be the first one to take this step. It is a step of progress; it is something, I say, that has not been done, and I want our institution to do it, and I believe every homœopathic college in this country and every homœopathic hospital will co-operate with us in the spirit that Dr. Ward manifested when he told me, "We are all looking to you, to your institution there to set the pace, to give us the lead, and we will follow."

Dr. McDowell: This telegram was in answer to our communication: "Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Homœopathic Medical College Dinner: The Hahnemann Alumni present their compliments and best wishes to their esteemed friends, the Alumni of the New York Homœopathic Medical College. Signed, H. B. Ware, President."

Before you leave, I want to perform the last official act of my office, and introduce to you the new president, Dr. G. Forest Martin. '90.

Remarks of the Incoming President, Dr. J. Forest Martin.

Mr. President and Fellow Members of the Alumni—I receive this gavel, the emblem of authority, for the second time, with feelings of emotion. I received it in that important sense two years ago as the first vice-president of this association. At that time with feelings of comfort, and not at all embarrassed, because I

realized that at that time I was simply asked to shuffle around for a few minutes in the large and roomy and comfortable shoes of George Royal. Now those shoes are pinching very hard to-night

As I accept this gavel for the second time I realize the responsibility which its acceptance places upon me. Your president, your ex-president, was indiscreet enough to say to me before the meeting that he intended to close promptly at twelve o'clock, which throws upon me the uncomfortable duty of occupying twenty-five minutes when I have nothing to say.

You have heard, as you will see by your programs, from a number of the wasers, the exes, our worthy president and others have spoken for the isers, and you probably want just a word from the to-be-ers to-night. Had the arrangement of the program kindly placed me after the next to the last speaker, I could have fitted the situation to my own by saying, as several of my clerical friends have said to me, "Your work begins where ours ends." But by placing the president between us I have lost the opportunity, and in saying something to you which will be an acceptance of this office, I find myself very much in the position of the young aspiring politician. His father was one of the old war horses who knew all the ins and the outs of barnstorming, and he carefully trained the son to meet the situation which arose when he made his maiden speech. He drilled him on all the pet phrases and expressions, told him just where to put in the emphasis and all the demonstration, and had him all primed and prepared for the speech. He appeared before the audience and his chin began to tremble, his thoughts deserted him one by one. He got as far as "Ladies and Gentlemen." He repeated that eloquent expression half a dozen times, and then in despair he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: When I came here to speak to you to-night nobody in this world but my father and I knew what I was going to say to you, and now nobody but father knows."

Now, I thought as I sat there, of something which I might say to the alumni, which would fittingly express my appreciation of the high honor which you have placed upon me, but after listening to the wit and wisdom and chestnuts which I have here to-night, that has all gone from me. I wish the wit of the evening had not departed, for I wanted to ask him when he told those two dead stories why he did not put in the third one that always goes with them, and tell the story about the doctor who said his friend was always the

undertaker, because he covered up his mistakes. I was all ready for that when he told the other two, but it did not come.

Gentlemen, in all seriousness, the alumni association of this college is entering upon a new era. Your dean, who deals in chestnuts, but always roasts them afresh when he gives them to you, after telling his accustomed stories, responded to a toast which the program says is one of "Optimism," and yet, while he is expected to speak on the subject of optimism, he has the effrontery to get up here and tell you that if you will furnish him the money he can make this homœopathy the dominant school of the country. Gentlemen, I give you this thought to take home with you. Homœopathy is to-day the dominant school, not of this country, but of the world, and I believe that the days of the coming generation will prove to your satisfaction and to mine that we have nothing to do to-day but to honestly, earnestly and persistently reach out and claim that which is ours, and the world will recognize its truth. The other school of medicine is to-day proving all that we have stood for, and stood up for and worked for in the past hundred years, and it is the duty to-day of the homœopathic profession and of this alumni association of the grandest homœopathic college of the country, to put forth their best efforts in claiming all that belongs to us and in establishing us on the plane where we belong.

You have had placed upon your tables a most magnificent portrait of Samuel Hahnemann. Let your first step be to take that portrait home to frame it well and hang it in your office and be proud of it, and tell everybody who it is. For the day is coming, and the dawn is already here, when that name will be pointed to among those of the greatest of the medical profession. And no greater work can this association accomplish than to do its share earnestly and honestly in bringing that day to come.

I thank you most heartily for this honor, and I ask in the coming year the earnest and hearty co-operation of every graduate among the twelve hundred, in pushing forward the interests of our Alma Mater. Gentlemen, you are graduates of this college. Nothing can come to you or to me from seeing our banners go down. Every thing comes to us in the way of honor and in the way of credit if our standard is raised, and, if our college is more and more looked up to. There is no room for difference of opinion in regard to the advisability of pushing forward our interests. If you have honest

opinions come forward and state them, settle your differences, then let the majority rule, but the motto to-day is upward and onward and forward for this college. There is no room in our association for a kicker, the world hates a sorehead, and the only thing for us to do is to accept what the majority of the alumni believes to be for the best interests of this college, and then get our shoulders together and push it forward. I thank you very much.

**FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES NEW YORK
HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND FLOWER
HOSPITAL, MAY 31, 1911.**

Prayer.

By Rev. George C. Peck, D. D., St. Andrew's M. E. Church.

Lord of life, whose secrets we are trying to learn, whose healing arts represent our greatest ministry, we give thee thanks for all the opening doors into the presence of thy secrets, for all the opening doors that have come out of our stress and strain of learning, and for all the privileges which come to thy children to share with thee in the healing of hearts and bodies. Bless, we pray thee, our efforts to be apt and attentive and devoted. Forgive our lapses of understanding of the great intervals of silence in our lives. Give us the speaking word, the live word, for the world that needs healing. We ask in the name of thy grace and thy truth. Amen.

Introduction.

Royal S. Copeland, M. A., M. D., Dean of The Faculty.

This college was founded in 1860, and the first class was graduated in 1861. Therefore, it is just fifty years since the first commencement. Necessarily, during those fifty years many changes have taken place, both in the ideas of the medical world and in medical colleges. Methods of instruction which were in vogue in 1861 have been very much changed by the passing of time, and the medicine of to-day would hardly be recognized by a student of that period who had not been in practice all these years. Instruction, which fifty years ago was largely clinical, has now become largely laboratory in method, and microscopy has come to be a very important part of the student's work. While bedside instruction is given a very

prominent place, as then, yet after all it is only a part of the general instruction of the student.

Commencement is the word used to designate this occasion and all similar occasions. Its use in this connection is a confession, I suppose, that study in school and college is not the end of things. This night, so important to these young men, is looked forward to by them during their four years of application as but the beginning of their usefulness. With the physician, it may be said that each day is a commencement day. Medicine is a progressive science, so progressive as a science and so elusive as an art that the practitioner very rarely masters it. I have sometimes thought that medicine is a good deal like the story of "Pigs is Pigs." So many new ideas are born every day, that, like the express agent in the story, it takes all the time to care for and store the constantly increasing work of the physician. To the real physician, the one who is born a physician, life is a never ending combat with diseases. It is not the joy of destroying the enemy, but the daily achievement of victory against a relentless foe. What a privilege it is to have a part in this warfare.

I congratulate you, young gentlemen, on the successful completion of your work in college. You are well equipped for your profession, and you have our best wishes in starting your careers. I have a feeling that the physician most conscious of his high calling, to enter the sacred precincts of the home, to come into close contact with the growth and development of the family, to meet all the relations of the physician in his profession, must necessarily be a man of good sense and of the highest character, and of the widest culture and the tenderest heart. We read in holy writ that Moses, upon viewing the burning bush, turned aside to see the bush that was burning but was not consumed. He found himself in a sacred place, and heard the voice of God saying: "Draw not nigh hither. Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." So, when a man enters upon the profession of medicine, he should take up his life work in the spirit of Moses and in the same spirit enter the Holy of Holies. In their years of association with you the faculty has come to believe that you possess this earnest purpose, and that you are prepared not only professionally, but in mind and spirit, to take up this high calling. We present you to the trustees, and ask them to confer upon you the privileges of the profession of medicine.

Mr. Melbert B. Cary, the president of the corporation, has been absent in Mexico for two or three months, and I told him when he returned the other day, much to my relief, that I claimed to be the best informed person in the city in regard to the Mexican war, as it appeared in our newspapers, for I opened the papers each day and read them very carefully to see whether our friends were in safety; and we are particularly glad to welcome Mr. Cary, for he has been especially helpful in the upbuilding and developing of our institution.

Address by Mr. Melbert B. Cary, President of the Board of Trustees.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Gentlemen of the Graduating Class: As our dean has said, this is our fifty-first anniversary, and you, gentlemen, are the fifty-first class to go forth from this institution. No one of us, of course, can know about all of the previous commencements, beginning way back in the troublous times of the Civil War, but I am satisfied that no class in all that period ever went forth from the institution under brighter auspices than this class of 1911.

The profession that you have chosen has, in the last fifty years, advanced itself by merit, so that it now occupies one of the leading positions in this country and in our social fabric. The progress that has been made in medicine in the last ten or fifteen years has been so great that it has placed the physician in the front rank of everything that has to do with our progress, with our development, and with the betterment of mankind. Yours is a grand profession and, in my judgment, your possibilities of achievement are greater at the present time than are those of the young man in any other profession, and I congratulate you upon this fact.

And yet we hear and read statements to the effect that we have too many physicians. During the last nine months, especially since a certain report was made by one of the great institutions of the country, the papers have been full of the statement that there are too many physicians; that in the State of New York we have very nearly as many as there are in the Republic of France; that in New York we have more than half as many physicians as in Great Britain; that physicians are not able to earn a satisfactory income, and that the brand of physician—so to speak—must be improved.

But, gentlemen, whether you go into that argument thoroughly and deeply or not, it matters not to us. As my friend, the Dean, has

said, I have just returned from a rather long journey. I have traveled nearly ten thousand miles in the last eighty days. Whenever I travel I always take with me one book beside the good book, and that book is the record of the names of the alumni of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital. That book is always in my bag, and whenever I reach a new town I consult that book to learn whether in that town there may not be some graduate of the old institution up on 63d street and avenue A, and if I can find his name I go and see him, if it is possible to do so, and talk to him about his Alma Mater. I did that in this recent trip. I met in San Francisco a man who stands at the top of the profession there, the dean of the Homœopathic College of San Francisco, and of the Homœopathic Hospital there, and among other things he said to me: "Mr. Cary, we are looking to you and to your institution; we are all looking to the New York Homœopathic Medical College to set the pace for us homœopaths in this country. We are doing a great work out here," he said, "but your college is the leader, and we are looking to you."

Gentlemen, I want you to bear that in mind, that you are going forth with your diplomas not only as individual physicians, but as representative men; you represent your Alma Mater; we put our good name into your custody, and we expect you to render a good account to us for our confidence in you.

In talking with different physicians throughout the country, graduates of our college, I have not learned from any of them that they thought it was impossible for a physician to earn a satisfactory income. I have heard no word of complaint whatever, and the fact is, as you know, and as I want our friends here to know, that for years past every graduate of our college has had a position waiting for him when he left the institution; and I think you will find, if you travel over this broad land—or in other lands, too,—as I have found in Canada and Mexico, you will find that there is a greater demand for educated, competent homœopathic physicians than can be supplied, and I am glad that this is so, not merely for material reasons, that is, for your good, and for our good, but to show that intelligent thinking people of this continent are beginning to realize and appreciate the principles for which we stand, the principles which you are to maintain. Gentlemen, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart on the profession you have chosen, on the

opportunities before you, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I now confer upon you the degree for which you have been working for so many years.

In accordance with the laws of the State of New York, and by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Trustees of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital, I now confer upon you, and each and all of you, the degree of Doctor of Medicine, with all the emoluments and responsibilities thereto pertaining.

Graduating Class, 1911.

OSCAR BAER	New Jersey.
ABRAHAM HERMAN BARR	New York.
RAYMOND SAMUEL BARRY	New York.
D. TRUMAN BREWSTER, JR.	Pennsylvania.
WILLIAM FRANCIS BROADHEAD	New York.
RAYMOND BENJAMIN COONLEY	New Jersey.
IRVING LORD FARR	New York.
WILLIAM SMITH GREGORY	New Jersey.
A. LOWRY IVINS	New Jersey.
SELDON TALCOTT KINNEY, A. M.	Pennsylvania.
WILLIAM Y. MACKENZIE, A. M., M. D.	Texas.
FRANKLIN F. MURDOCH	New Jersey.
CHESTER A. PEAKE	New York.
PHILIP J. R. SCHMAHL	New York.

Dean Copeland: Our students have had the privilege of clinical work at Flower Hospital; we are also very happy to have an association with the great Metropolitan Hospital of the Department of Public Charities. By the courtesy of that institution our students receive clinical instruction there, and upon the completion of certain work in that hospital they are given a certificate signed by the officers of the board of the Metropolitan Hospital. We are particularly pleased with this association for, as you doubtless know, this is the largest general hospital in the United States, and the largest homœopathic hospital in the world.

I am very much pleased to introduce Dr. Arthur L. Root, the president of the Medical Board of the Metropolitan Hospital.

Awarding of Certificates of the Metropolitan Hospital.

**By Arthur L. Root, M. D., President of The Medical Board of The
Metropolitan Hospital.**

It gives the members of the Medical Board of the Metropolitan Hospital great pleasure to add what they can, in the way of clinical experience and bedside teaching, to these young gentlemen of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital. It is true, as your dean has told you, that we have a large hospital. Over there on Blackwell's Island, we have 1,530 beds, and many times during the past winter we have had a daily census of 1,700 patients, giving, as you can see, great opportunities for clinical experience.

Gentlemen of the graduating class, I will simply say that many years ago I, too, was a member of a graduating class. What I needed then was advice; what I wanted most was not advice. I will not bore you further than to award you in the name of the Metropolitan Hospital Medical Board certificates representing your attendance at clinics, and the fact that you have well equipped yourselves.

Award of Prizes.

By Dean Copeland.

We come now to that part of the programme which is always of great interest to me personally, for the reason that I never permit myself to know who is the successful competitor for each of these prizes. I think I have the same anxiety and wonderment that the members of the class have.

It is customary for the Faculty to present to the member of the Senior class who has stood highest in examinations from the beginning of his work in the institution to the end a microscope; and to the student who is second in percentage a microscope also, though not so complete a one, perhaps, as the first prize. When I tell you that during these four years there are about a hundred separate and distinct examinations, you will know what it means to run well in this race.

I am very glad to announce to you, Dr. Franklin F. Murdoch, that you have earned the first faculty prize for the highest grade of scholarship during the whole four years of study. Take it, with the best wishes of the faculty and our hearty congratulations.



CLASS OF 1911

Dr. Oscar Baer, to you is awarded the second prize. You have done well, and have earned the highest grade of scholarship during the four years, next to Dr. Murdoch. We are very glad to present you with this token of our appreciation of your work.

For the third highest grade of scholarship during the entire four years of study, Dr. Chester A. Peake has earned honorable mention.

The Alumnus Trustee Prize for highest standing in all the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior studies is given by William W. Blackman, M. D., Alumnus Trustee.

I am very happy to announce that the Alumnus Trustee Prize for the highest grade of scholarship during the three years of Freshman, Sophomore and Junior studies is awarded to Mr. W. F. Shaw.

We feel also that it is proper that our friends should know, as Mr. Cary has hinted in his address, that most of our men—all of them, I think—who have cared to enter hospitals, have been given that opportunity, and that you may know how excellent are the positions offered, and how well our men have prepared themselves to receive the recognition of sister institutions, I will ask the Secretary, Dr. Dowling, to announce the successful candidates for such appointments.

Before doing this, however, I wish to announce the names of some of the junior students who are entitled to honorable mention, Herbert S. Du Cret and Thomas L. Du Puy.

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS.

Flower Hospital: Dr. A. Lowry Ivins, Dr. Philip J. R. Schmahl.

Metropolitan Hospital: Dr. Raymond S. Barry, Dr. Seldon T. Kinney.

Cumberland Street Hospital: Dr. Oscar Baer, Dr. William F. Broadhead, Dr. Chester A. Peake.

Hahnemann Hospital: Dr. Franklin F. Murdoch.

Homœopathic Hospital, Scranton, Pa.: Dr. D. T. Brewster.

Address to the Graduating Class.

By Rev. George C. Peck, D. D., Pastor St. Andrew's M. E. Church.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen; Members of the Graduating Class:

Ordinarily, when I think of a physician in practice, I think of him

in one of three aspects. Not that my list is exhaustive. On the contrary, the medicine-man has many roles beside the three I am going to name. He may be psychologist, with Dr. W. H. Thomson, litterateur, with Dr. Weir Mitchell or Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; railroad magnate, with Dr. Seward Webb. He may be golf champion or crack-yachtsman; may play the ancient game of politics or collect old china, and, withal, be a prince of good fellows. I can easily think of him as filling, with credit, the content of any or several of these terms. But, ordinarily, when I bestow my consideration upon his unsuspecting head, it is in one of three aspects that I think of him.

First, then, I think of him as a man earning a living. He may practice medicine for love or fun or conviction; but he must presumably send out bills to pay expenses. Adapting Lincoln's famous aphorism concerning the proper length of legs for a man, the doctor must have "business understanding" enough to reach from the body of his profession to the ground. He ought to know where Wall Street is—so as to keep out of it. His calling has, necessarily, its commercial contacts and bearings. For whatever may have been his relation to the nether-world of dollars, during under-graduate days; steward, he, of the "manifold mercies" of indulgent parent or uncle, *after* graduation he must require his discipleship of Æsculapius to produce revenue.

There is profound sagacity in the Chinese system of paying a medicine man to keep his *clientele* well, and penalizing him for failing so to do. No temptation, there, to protract a "paying case;" no inducement to *corral* the "goose that lays the golden eggs," and keep her just sick enough so that she will lay the maximum number of golden eggs without fatal results. I used the word "goose" advisedly; I have met him and her. But we occidentals are still on the "gold basis," so to speak. We pay the doctor not for *keeping* us well, but for *getting* us well. Hence he must put a price on his art. And if people *will insist* upon paying a thousand dollars apiece for the pleasure of parting with their "appendices," why not let them? The experience may easily be worth the money as a novelty in an otherwise *blazè* life.

Yet, somehow, we laymen never quite expect the doctor to become commercialized. Perhaps that is one reason why some patients are such slow pay; they are saving their ideal of the uncom-

mercialized doctor—at *his* expense. Somewhere between cash payment for an office call—which is dreadfully like buying groceries;—and a “twice-per-annum” statement—which presumes far too much upon the longevity of gratitude—somewhere between these extremes is the ideal point of contact between the “medicus” and his patient’s pocket. Other things being equal, he will earn the best living who least clumsily reminds his patients that he, also, is hot-foot after the dollar.

Remember how it fared with the suitors for Portia’s hand. Morocco chose the gold casket as alone being worthy of both Portia and himself. Arragon opened the silver casket on the humble ground that what he “deserved” was quite “good enough for him.” And Bassanio, after a somewhat disingenuous disquisition on the deceitfulness of appearances, made a bee-line for the leaden casket, and got full answer to his prayer—his lady’s hand, with wherewithal to pay his debts. Now I never was quite heart-free to Bassanio; he was too smooth, too effusively modest, too naively cocksure—like the fellow who peeks playing blind-man’s buff. But the moral remains. For the rewards of a physician’s career—I mean those golden rewards which pass current at the bank—are *not* for him whose eyes are slowly glued to the golden casket. Rather, they lie snug in the leaden casket for him who, to use Shakespeare’s own great line, “Will give and hazard all he hath.”

Moreover, the wise practitioner will always keep two ledgers. His *total* income includes good-will as truly as banknotes; confidence not less than cash; gratitude as well as more tangible gain. As the anonymous author of “Confessio Medici” says, after what we may believe must have been a long, beautiful life of practice: “What we *are*, that we make; some of it, but not much, in money, and the rest of it in kind.” At any rate, this is sure: he who is entering this royal path of medicine for a living *chiefly* would do well to turn back now. The selling of healing seems to me only less profane than the sale of virtue or indulgences. Who, looking back across his first five years, or quarter century in practice, measures his pay by a cash book, will break his heart or lose his own soul.

Personally, I like a monthly bill. It is smaller, and more intimately related to me, the patient. Gratitude is a not over-hardy plant. Besides, I can remember dates better at short range, and may fancy the bill-maker can do the same. Personally, too, I like

itemized bills (unless I am a believer in "subsidies" and enjoy the sense of having a "medicus" among my retainers). Otherwise, I really *do* like an itemized bill. I don't like stomach-aches and tonsillitis, gout and malaria *lumped*—either in my system or on the bill. If it were possible to put upon paper something like this—400,000,000 tubercle-bacilli or pneumo-cocci slain at two dollars per hundred thousand, I feel confident that many of us would be inspired to say what a friend of mine said when he paid his bill for medical attendance: "I never wrote a cheque more cheerfully in my life." Of course, I cannot imagine Louis Pasteur or Virchow or Koch or Dr. Bull or Dr. Helmuth as rendering an itemized bill. And when your name is as well established as theirs, *you* may take liberties, too. I am only suggesting, as an old-fashioned Puritan idealist may take the liberty of doing, that for the sake of *your* own best fame; as part of your reasonable homage to your splendid calling; nay, for the sake of folks, you must keep your practice uncommercialized.

Then, in the second place, there is medicine as a profession. It is other and more than a trade in pills and dietetics and lance-thrusts. It is a vocation. The physician belongs to a cult. He may, doubtless, dress as other men; and laugh and pray and love with the majority of his sex. He may neither reek of antiseptics nor carry a suggestive black bag. And by all means, he must not talk shop. Yet, as an admirer said of the Golden-Rule-Mayor of Jersey City, "he has a way." Many a well-trained and studious physician has failed in practice for want of a certain professional air. I do not mean *hauteur*—or aloofness—or professionalism. I mean an indefinable and forever indescribable blending of reserve and concern, of confidence without swagger, and modesty without self abasement. I mean a gentle atmosphere of sufficiency and sympathy in union—which is the finest credential of a true physician; the most *healing* thing he takes into a sick room with him.

I have been meeting doctors in sickrooms and hospitals for twenty years—and this is the first time I have had opportunity to talk about them. For example, the man who approaches a sick bed as one boards a trolley; accepts a proffered chair as impersonally as he buys a railroad ticket; volleys his questions as if he were a census taker—age, family history, symptoms; all without raising an eyebrow or changing a tone. I am also familiar with the dear, bland

soul who comes in rubbing his hands and purring like a great tame cat; remarking the beautiful weather—about which the patient cares little; and the editorial in that morning's "Sun"—about which the man-on-the-bed cares still less. I don't like him either. For I know by experience that a patient is the most personal creature in the world. Mental therapeutics, to be sure! But *begin* by giving your whole self to the man-on-the-bed.

Then there is the funereal man. He ought to have been an undertaker; he would fit the part. You can read in his solemn face that the case is serious. Even worms and chicken-pox are serious with him. He has seen people die from neglected pin-scratches. You might as well get between sheets before he arrives. Poor sad-visaged disciple of Hahnemann; he ought to have adopted a cheerier profession, or one where the wreckage of his melancholy will be less.

Then, there is my polysyllabic friend. To hear him pronounce the word "dioxydianidoarsenabenzel" is a liberal education. He never uses a short word when he can think of a long one. He revels in "Latinity" and "Greekosity." Of course, I know we laymen are fond of names. What Arnold sings is not quite true:

"Nor bring to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame;
To shake his sapient head, and give
The *ill he cannot cure*, a name."

Most of us want to *know* what does really ail us. To have our ailment differentiated and classified is stimulating. Now that the patient knows that he has one distinct microbe instead of the whole list named in bacteriology, he may be hopeful of recovery. Then consider how great the consolation to a young mother when you tell her that baby's convulsions are due to teething; that his colic or rash or bad temper must be set down to the debit of the same process of dentition. In fact, I suppose that if the baby fell out of a window, and you could conscientiously assure the stricken mother that such a calamitous ending was always included in a careful prognosis of teething, you would prove a true "son of consolation." Yes, if we insist upon a name, give us one without unnecessary sesquipedalianism.

Now I have not time to characterize the hand-holding-doctor whom the ladies—some of them—adore, but their husbands never; nor the hobby-riding-doctor who goes off at full gallop around the sick room at first hint of his specialty; nor the mystery-mongering-medicus who gives me the impression that if my head contained as much wisdom as his it would burst—I mean *mine* would; nor the social lion who attends all the afternoon teas of his clientele. I want to speak of another kind. There are thousands of him. His vocation is a sort of priesthood, too sacred for petty jealousies, far above the range of “knocking the other school.” “*Noblesse oblige.*” His profession lays him under bonds to be the gentlemen always—and, like Saint Paul, he rejoices in his bonds.” Chivalric because he deals with weakness, courtly, as having appointment from the King of Life, reverent as touching the body of sanctity and mystery—such is he called, by his very profession, to be. He has inherited a great tradition. ’Twill take all the manhood, all the Godhood in him, to be worthy of his name.

And this brings me to my third view of your calling: *Medicine as a ministry*. At its highest, medicine is always that; failing of that, it is never quite worth the practitioner’s while. To the doctor as *business* man, practice is an uncertain mistress. To the *profession* of medicine she is capricious of her favors. But to him whose life is a *ministry*, her rewards are assured and beyond price. So that, while I doff my hat to the physician whose practice maintains a fine menage and a high-powered car; and add my compliments to his professional honors, I stand long uncovered and reverent before the glorious ministry of a host of under-paid and professionally obscure servants of your high calling.

Somebody says that “you cannot be a perfect doctor until you have been a patient; you cannot be a perfect surgeon until you have enjoyed in your own person some surgical experience. Enjoyed, I say, and stick to the word.” That is because your practice is to be a ministry; and sympathy is one of its prime assets. The great physician is always a great-heart, as the Greatest Physician was the greatest Heart this heart-hungry, lonesome, frightened world has ever known. Who shall even recall the desperate bedside-battles out of which Great-heart has come victorious after antitoxins and hypodermics has given up the fight? Skill, of course, backed by

the finest hospital training, and furthered by incessant study—but ministered by an absorbing passion for folks—what a ministry.

You remember “Lydgate” in George Eliot’s “*Middlemarch*.” “He had a flesh-and-blood sense of fellowship, which withstood all the abstractions of special study. He cared not only for “cases,” but for John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth.” Read “*Middlemarch*,” if only to save you from falling in love with lassies like Rosamond. But more: to remind you that your calling is a personal ministry to folks. Not for the money in it, nor for the scientific interest involved, but as a ministry of all sorts of sunshine and healing to bodies and minds diseased, are you “called”—if you are truly called at all—to practice medicine. You are “servant” of folks.

Need I remind you that such a ministry must include an altar? I mean an altar on which *you* are the sacrifice? Let my physician cry down bitterly *my* overwork and loss of sleep, preach moderation and prudence and all the rest; and then break all his own wisely formulated rules, forego sleep and food and vacation, while he ministers to my sick and me. I do not think the truest physician is likely to make old bones. Like his Lord, he cannot save others and himself *also*. The price paid by Carroll and Lazaire when they laid their veins bare to the bite of the mosquito that they might demonstrate the method of yellow-fever propagation is only a maximum of the price paid by every man who serves mankind. What was the name of that splendid fellow who, at the opening of a brilliant career, laid down his life in China, recently, at the call of the plague-stricken? I ought not to have forgotten. But never mind. The name might be that of any one of you who go out to-night to prove your “call” by a sacrificial ministry to others.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital May 30, 1911

Dr. William S. Gregory presided. After a brief address of welcome came the

History of the Class, by Irving L. Farr.

Of all the work which falls to the lot of a graduating class, the task of writing the “class history” is probably the most “thankless.”

But to write the history of this Class of 1911 is not only primarily difficult, but it entails additional troubles, since the class is said to be abnormal in many respects. In numbers, general deportment of members, mental ability and even *finances*, it is probably unlike any other class in the history of the college; therefore, its prognosis is about as uncertain as was that given by Barr relative to a case of typhoid fever: "She may die; she may live; she may do either."

However, away back in the dim, now almost forgotten past, there came into the minds of certain individuals, at that time in school, upon the farm, in the office, in the lumber camps of the frozen north, or basking in the heat of the "Jersey marshes," an ardent desire to become of use to their fellow-men, through the realm of medicine or surgery.

Consequently, in 1907, these individuals, thirteen in number, assembled at the opening of college, on the evening of October 1. Here we met our new professors, became acquainted with our fellow-students and were rushed by the different fraternities. All partook *most bountifully* of the refreshments, smoked freely to the long life of the college and tried to get away with several cigars, for use next day—a characteristic trait which has followed the class.

How they reached the city has never been fully determined, but from the general financial condition of the group it is safe to infer that most of them walked, came by freight, or worked their passage in.

The "hoodoo" effect of the number "13" soon became evident, for before the end of the first semester two men, both from Brooklyn, had taken cold feet and gone back to the pleasures of "home and mother." One of these commonly called "Clara," became seasick at even the mention of the dissecting room, and the other Brooklynite returned to the teaching profession, where he obtained a more lucrative position. However, two more names were added, thus keeping up the record thirteen.

The dissecting room has a charm (?) for all Freshmen, and "Dr. Flater's Studio" was no exception, for the odors, which pounds of good (?) tobacco failed to abate, still linger. Here, too, "Things that went up always came down," and those who had pockets daily added to their collection of "curios." As Freshmen, cans of violet toilet powder were bought for gloves, but as Sophomores plain corn starch sufficed.

In 1908-09 Henry W. Lockhart deserted the ranks, and Ann Arbor opened her arms to receive him. A new name was added, so the roll still numbered thirteen. During this year the class met Professor Louis Heitzman for the first time, and not only him, but his "Pathology."

When in 1909-10 the class assembled, as Juniors, it was found that Lockhart had returned and had brought with him six new members for the class. Two more joined from another college, so twenty-one was the roll during the opening months. At Christmas holidays, however, it was necessary to say farewell to one of the most loyal men, Samuel Miles Robinson, who, due to illness, was obliged to go to Florida and was unable to return until the next year.

During Freshman and Sophomore years, Commodore Murdoch and Midshipman Arnold did much to break the monotony of the class-room grind by "rough houses," in which rags, wet towels, mops, erasers and paper rolls descended in showers upon innocent heads. Boss Gregory and his lieutenant, Peake, promptly returned the contributions with interest, shouting, as they hurled the missiles, "Coming." In Junior and Senior years these "rough houses" were replaced by the more dignified calling of "art and decoration," in which Artist Schmahl made the blackboard give in rapid succession the faces of Hahnemann "No. 2," of "Charley Murphy," of the "Hiawatha dancer," and "I cure men," while Barry and Baer took turns in erasing Gregory's various combinations of the "4 B" quartette.

The class, as before stated, being abnormal, how could normal results be expected? Yet an honest effort has always been made, even if that effort consisted only in repeating aloud what the fellow sitting next whispered. When Dr. Coonly was asked how he would treat a case of scarlet fever, he replied, "I would put the patient to bed and hang a sign over the door." Upon another occasion, when one of the professors asked for the best treatment for the beginning stage of pneumonia, Coonly replied, "I'd apply an ice bag to the affected area." While these treatments seem in themselves rather peculiar, yet who can say that the answers do not show great thought?

But in the line of deep thinking no one has better excelled than Dr. Brewster, who, from sitting at the feet of Socrates in his early

youth, has learned the art of questioning, and the questions he has propounded to faculty and students would fill volumes. They have been upon every subject, known and unknown, from "How many hairs there are on the body" to "How much the cigars cost" at a function recently tendered the class, and "How long is a string," to "Do the Visitings get paid for their medicines."

Dr. Baer, too, has frequently shown great mental acuteness; especially when asked to advise a diet suitable in Jaundice and Obesity, he suggested, "Plenty of fat, carbohydrates and egg-not fat enough," said Baer. Upon confession that he already passed up the subject of Dietetics, he was excused.

On the part of our worthy "President," "General Manager" and coming "Charley Murphy," the Honorable William S. Gregory, this knowledge has shown itself in the form of hot air. It has developed, continued to expand, and fears were entertained for his safety, until a certain professor advised him "To swallow the *Brown Spot* when it appeared," as he might need it later. He found this advice very useful, when asked to prescribe for a case of pernicious anæmia, and said, "I would give the patient one *drachm* of Fowler's Solution, three times per day." The professor, however, unfeelingly remarked that Gregory had better send for the undertaker after the first dose.

He is said to have prepared a 900 page volume upon "Pathology" and "Military" Tuberculosis, which will soon be published, as well as a Monograph upon "Methods in Quiz Passing."

Some new methods for the treatment of disease have been added to the science of medicine by this class. Among the most important are the following:

1. In the treatment of Mumps, Dr. Barry "would bathe the parts well in liniment."
2. In the freeing of a man caught by a live wire and unconscious, Dr. Brewster "would call the police and give a Hypo of Strychnia."
3. In the treatment of uterine hæmorrhage, Dr. Broadhead "would clamp the abdominal aorta," and Gregory "would squeeze the heart."
4. In an examination for floating kidney, bi-manually, Dr. Peake "would have his patient take a deep breath and then expire."
5. Dr. Coonly, in stricture of the rectum, advises "an examina-

tion with a bistoury," while Dr. Gregory claims "to be able to see adenoids with a speculum."

Certain members of the class have invented some new diseases. Peake has suggested "Hypernephrosis of the liver;" Gregory, "An Interlobular Nephritis." Barry is sure that "Negroes must have *black*, white corpuscles," and Broadhead claims that an inflammation of the mouth is "Buccitis." Chambers, on the other hand, believed that irregularly shaped red corpuscles should be called "Peculiar-cytes."

One day some class-men were examining a lately removed appendix, when Dr. Kinney, formerly of Philadelphia, Paris and London, walked in. As he took up the bottle and viewed it he exclaimed: "O you fellows don't know anything about it; I've seen these things before; that foetus is not over two and one-half months of age."

Result: Kinney is no longer authority on Obstetrics.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad, frae monie a blunder, free us
And foolish notion."

—Robert Burns.

It is related upon good authority that in the latter part of the Sophomore year one of our gentlemen in evening clothes, with cane and high hat, was strolling on Fifth avenue with his lady friend.

No doubt the couple were doing the stroll with some of that country air which the "Hamden" and "Jersey" people possess, for they were soon followed by a constantly increasing crowd of small boys, shouting "Hully gee. Git onto the newly marr'd couple." "Shoot the tile." "Say, Mister! Does yer ma know youse out?" A policeman, standing near the "Savoy," saw the plight of the young couple and, as Peake rushed up to ask his protection from "those darned boys," advised him to "beat it in a taxi," which advice the unfortunate pair heeded.

Much spirited competition has arisen in the class during the past year, and in this race for renown Dr. Schmahl has taken the lead. He has so thoroughly convinced the world of his value as to be in constant demand, interfering seriously with his attendance upon lectures. Whenever absent, it was generally understood that some physician had called him in consultation. On the other hand, Dr.

Murdoch's responsibilities as head surgeon of the Passaic General Hospital has had a tendency to unbalance his equilibrium. He has been forced to leave his duties at the hospital to the care of minor visiting physicians and internes, in order to attend the college lectures, some of which failed to be given, therefore it is no wonder that Murdoch was often "peeved." Drs. Baer and Ivins, recently known as the "white wings," who served as Pathologist and Ambulance Surgeon at Flower during the spring months, had the advantage of being near their place of business. These men being conveniently reached, in case of emergency, could well shoulder the responsibility of running a hospital.

It is well understood that the study of medicine is a life-long work, yet some members of the Class of 1911 have shown such extraordinary ability that the work may be completed by them in a much shorter time. Dr. Dowling has long been considered an authority upon heart diseases, but during the last year Lockhart has shown the ability to detect murmurs which Dr. Dowling fails to recognize even yet. It is all the more wonderful, since Lockhart hears them, only through Dr. Dowling's scope. This young physician certainly has a future.

Some members have become noted from their repeated absences. Their professors have been kind enough to attribute the absence to sickness or other duties, thus letting them down easily. Among these may be mentioned Dr. McDonald, who, from the duties in the laboratory, has been compelled to miss several lectures. Dr. Shealy, who has been on duty in the hospital, feeling that he must sleep sometimes, has failed to appear at roll call, having learned from past experiences that the lecture room is a poor place for a nap, especially when Drs. Kinney, Todd, Morse and Lockhart will persist in singing "We're On the Water Wagon Now."

That "Knowledge is power" is a truism which was well shown on a certain day in the Histological Laboratory, when Dr. Broadhead was asked to reproduce a part of a previous lecture. With that complaisant smile he generally wears, he rambled on for a few moments and stopped well satisfied with his noble effort, only to meet "That was a nice little tale, Mr. Broadhead, did you ever hear that from me?" "N—N—N—o, sir," faltered Broadhead. "Ah! I thought that was all bluff." The whole trouble lay in the fact that Broad-

head, who kept his lecture notes on cards, simply drew the wrong card for Dr. Heitzman.

The class has been royally entertained at the homes of Drs. Roberts, Simonson and Bagg. These events have gone down in the memories of the class-men as truly "red letter" evenings, and have been a very pleasant break in the daily grind. Another function of some importance was "Sammy's Wedding," and, although not all the class attended, yet those who did have tender recollections of the occasion. Among these, Dr. McDonald was, perhaps, the most popular gentleman of the evening, and why not? He certainly met there, gowned in brown broadcloth, beneath an half acre hat, that heart which said "I'd leave my happy home for you." But she has not yet left.

The class, as a whole, has shown little spirit. There have been cliques and factions, and it has seemed that a few of the men often failed to agree with themselves, for two consecutive minutes. This has made the matter of class-meeting "a bone of contention," in fact, about one meeting a year has been the average until within the past few months, when we have held one every fifteen minutes. Here were advanced as many distinct ideas upon the same subject as there were members present, and the discussions were warm. Recently, Barry and Murdoch each nominated a separate candidate and Murdoch ably set forth the merits of his candidate. Hardly was he seated, when Barry jumped up and shouted "Vice versa, for mine."

From these frequent meetings, from the ardent desire of all to "get through," and from the fact of having all been photographed by the same camera, at the same time we have come to be very good friends and are able even to agree upon the same topic. The class has been favored by the presence of three graduate physicians during the past year, Drs. Searle and Cummings, of Cumberland Street Hospital, and Dr. McKenzie, familiarly called "Texas," in honor of his former home. Therefore, though our numbers are few, and in spite of our previous dissensions, we hope to go out from these halls united in the common cause and with a firm determination to stand, shoulder to shoulder, for the cause of Homœopathy."

During the early months of our Freshman year, a western specialist came to take the college helm. At first we questioned whether a man from the wilds of Michigan could cope with the responsi-

bilities of a New York college, but we had only to hear our new Dean's "Well, boys, what can I do for you?" to be assured that Dr. Royal S. Copeland was more than a match for the situation. In the years that have followed we have been given the best that the college possessed at the hands of our able professors. The ambulance service and the hospital facilities have been increased, thus giving us added clinical material, while the student enrollment has been very greatly increased.

All this proves what an untiring worker is the Dean, and we feel we must say of him, in the words quoted by Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, "He that keepeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep."

A HISTORY OF THE HISTORIAN.

As one of the original thirteen, came Dr. Farr, familiarly known as "Little Irving," who, by the way, won the professional favor at once—who could resist his winning smile—who could? He soon found that the professional favor was of much more weighty importance to him than the adoration of his class-mates. He early realized that this favor was only to be won by careful reading and retaining, besides keeping his feet still, refraining from wet towel throwing and by frowning upon the childish pranks of his associates. Heretofore, he had delighted to make others grind, but now the tables were turned. His high school principalship had endowed him with an enviable fervor of speech, but strangely enough this eloquence deserted him when Prof. White confronted him with a fibula or similar long since forgotten topics.

Then "Little Irving" sat himself down and read—studied once more—read extensively. He became self-confident, because of his researches, and his standard phrase was, "From the reading I have done, it appears to me that—etc.,—etc.,——" This usually convinced the professor that he knew of what he was talking. But there was one professor who was not so easily convinced and it so happened that Prof. Dowling let our historian hold the dirty end of the stick, for once. Farr was, of course, not to blame if some discrepancies did occur between his notes and Prof. Heitzman's lectures which, unfortunately, were not unearthed until the time of a marked quiz. But we are glad to record that the strained relations between these two have been put upon a more congenial basis during the past year

We are glad to hear that Dr. Farr is going to devote the early years of his practice to extensive research work upon intestinal digestion. It is well known among the profession, through the medium of the medical journals, that the doctor still maintains his discovery and conviction "that the chyme on leaving the stomach is turned to chyle as soon as it enters the small intestines."

It is really a deplorable fact that with all his undeniable rhetorical abilities Dr. Farr never succeeded to be elected a member of the "S. M. Club."

Contributed by the class; edited by P. J. R. Schmahl.

Address to the Class of 1911.

By Prof. George F. Laidlaw, Class Day, May 30, 1911.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mothers, Sweethearts and Those Who May Be Such:—I am not accustomed to such hilarity in this lecture room. The last time that I met here these gentlemen who are now the objects of our solicitude, the scene was very different. It was an awesome spectacle. There on these benches, where beauty now sits in pride, sat the president of this meeting, scribbling his examination papers. He had a pipe in his mouth. His hair, now so sleek, was all mussed up and furrowed with anxious fingers, seeking the idea that was not. The rest of these fashion-plates were scattered about the room in equal perspiration and despair. Now, what a change!

"Now are our brows with victorious wreaths
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,"

We can say with King Richard in the play:

"Grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front
And capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasings of a lute."

Friends, you do not know what a time we have had getting this class into shape for this happy occasion. They know and we of the faculty know. Like the poet's Building of the Ship, we know:

"What anvils rang, what hammers beat
In what a forge and what a heat."



STUDENT BODY N. Y. H. M. C.

That row of classic heads before you formed the anvils and we of the faculty hammered and hammered until, finally, we turned out a tolerable piece of work. Really, we are proud of them and are willing that they should go out and represent our college to the furthest ends of the earth.

Friends, these brand new doctors are few in number, but each and every one of them is a philosopher. This is a notable thing about them, for philosophers in medicine are few. There was a time when every physician was a philosopher and before that there was a time when every philosopher thought himself a physician. That time has long passed. Modern science has crowded philosophy into the background, but these young men occupy the curious position that in an era of nineteenth century science, they believe and practice a medical philosophy of the eighteenth.

The eighteenth century was marked by the rise of many systems and philosophies in medicine. The eighteenth century is known as the century of system-building, so luxurious was the growth of systems and philosophies that appeared in it. Modern science has crushed them all, all but the homœopathic system, to which these young men have declared their allegiance. It is an interesting story, how the homœopathic system of medicine and the homœopathic philosophy have come down through the nineteenth century side by side with pathology and physiology and diagnosis and all sorts of exact medical science. It is a more interesting story how, in the twentieth century, modern medical science has come step by step to verify and adopt that old homœopathic philosophy, the system of cure that the homœopath has nurtured and cherished for a hundred years. At the commencement exercises to-morrow I have no doubt that this subject will be discussed by abler tongues than mine and I will not delay you with it now.

Gentlemen of the graduating class, you are the followers of a prophet, a seer, Samuel Hahnemann. He, like all prophets, saw far ahead of his time. One hundred years ago Samuel Hahnemann saw through the mists of ignorance and tradition of his century and formulated clearly the medical beliefs that the world holds true to-day. Honor the prophet as one of the great leaders of medicine; but remember that sooner or later the world catches up with the prophet and that a new prophet is needed to carry the torch of learning further on.

It is the mistake of all sects to deify their founder; to claim that their systems came from him complete and perfect; that to alter it is to damage it. It is the old aristocratic world view that was ashamed of humble origins, that derived its great families from kings and its king from gods; but modern science has taught us humility, taught us that everything on this earth has come from humble and lowly forms, gradually developing into higher and more perfect organisms. Nothing has come into this world perfect and unchangeable, not even your system of medicine. The sciences themselves have come from simple and imperfect beginnings. Systems and religions and philosophies, all are gradual developments, adaptations, beginning in simple and imperfect forms and gradually developing into the higher and more perfect.

If our homœopathy is a science, as we so fondly boast, like chemistry and astronomy, then like chemistry and astronomy, it must begin simple and imperfect and develop gradually through the efforts of successive generations.

There are those who will tell you that Hahnemann set the bounds of homœopathy and of therapeutics for all time; that in attempting to adapt homœopathy to our time we have sadly degenerated from his teachings. Gentlemen, let me warn you against this narrow view. No man, not Hahnemann himself, can set limits and bounds to the growth and development of an idea or foretell what forms it will assume in later times. From the group of fishermen on the shore of Galilee, who could have foretold the development of a world-conquering religion? From a small Semitic tribe wandering in the deserts of Syria, from their allegiance to their tribal god, who could have foretold the development of the Jehovah of the entire civilized world? From a handful of Pilgrims on the coast of Massachusetts and a few planters in Virginia, who could have foretold the development of the United States of America?

Do not fear, then, when you see our homœopathy assuming new forms under other leaders. Homœopaths cannot and should not close their eyes to the progress of medical science all around them. Cellular pathology and bacteriology and physiological chemistry are here and homœopathy must and will adjust itself to them and explain itself in their terms.

Gentlemen, we of the Faculty, and all of our generation, will die in our appointed time. The future of homœopathy is in your hands.

We, who believe that the homœopathic principle is true, we who believe in the ultimate triumph of truth, commit it to your keeping without fear.

Class Poem.

By Henry W. E. Lockhart.

Muses awake! Inspire my thoughts to sing
Of episodes and memories that cling
To 1911, the most hopeless asses,
By Faculty, ere turned upon the masses,
To perpetrate the medicinal art
Of healing, or with bold face and trembling heart,
As mariners of old, to kill and maim.
(To Dr. Dowling this will constitute our fame.)
Soon we will scatter and no longer hear
The character that filled our time with cheer.
Could we imagine a more joyous time
Than Dowling's clinic and his endless mine
Of stories, with some fleeting chance to look
At medicine: To counteract the book,
Jerry's dear hours with children spent,
With fear of hidden listeners intent.
Could ever Hades hold torture more drear
Than Louis' drone upon our weary ear.
Baer we'll remember till our hair is gray,
By his exploits on Tuttle's clinic day,
When pregnancy was paramount and clear
(Her organs had been gone for several years).
Schmahl, our dear Dutchman, did the class convulse
With H. C. L. on zinc; she bubbles up!
One man we have of universal fame,
By his account, Broadhead's a wondrous name.
If ever lips are glazed with too much use,
Buchitis Willy, then, will diagnose.
Gregory to us will be a living token,
That given power means a judgment broken.
We'll often wonder whether he or Ball
Had greater interest in our class roll call.
Oh, Mr. Shealey, again you do not know!
Will be our recollection of poor Joe.

Peake is our bohner ; with his knowledge full
On dexterous fingers helps chain William's Bull.
Brewster and Kinney will their towns amuse,
One with his Bible, the other with his booze.
And e'en Hoboken sends its mead of brain ;
Our "Chester Chambers" often seems insane.
Fifth Avenue holds o'er one a deadly thrall,
Coonly, the manicure, obeys her call.
And ever running through his class room sleep
The gentle rustle of "Skirts'" voices creep.
Ivins has had great trouble with his dome,
Its steady bulging will shock folks at home,
Nurses, maids, patients for his charms all fall—
At least he thinks so. He'll soon get his call.
Baby Murdoch, the nurses' white haired man,
In irate grandeur from class meeting ran.
"Cowboy" Mackenzie, with his sleepy stare,
Cuts all the benches with the greatest care,
Till asked a question by some learned grouch,
Wakes up and scraps, then he resumes his crouch.
We often wonder why he ever stays,
Where he could teach the Profs, in many ways.
The steady grinding of the fountain pen,
The answer started: "In my reading," then
Oratory that draws from stones a tear,
Farr's picture draws rough hewn but very clear..
Jerusalem! That promised land afar
Wil make us think (if anything) of Barr
Listening intently falls upon our ear
A guinea pig's weird squeal, making us fear
That "Bone" is working in his laboratory,
Thinking it is his one safe road to glory.
Cummins and Searle will wend their homeward way,
Todd and MacDonald still will own the sway
Of Bacchus. He, their now dear friend,
Our hope is they'll forget him in the end.
We as a bunch will offer constant prayers
That Satan keeps his hands from our affairs:

We, who part here to-day,
To scatter through the land,
Under the world's stern sway,
Taking her hard command,
Let us, a class, while forgot,
Merged with those gone before.
Have as our constant thought
Instilled in us to the core:
That Alma Mater dear
Demands the best of our brain;
That our efforts through coming years
Redound to her honor and fame.

Class Prophecy.

By Raymond B. Coonly, Philip J. R. Schmahl.

Mr. President, Fellow Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

With your kind indulgence we shall proceed a few years into the future, and stretching our imagination to the limit find ourselves in the eventful year 1935. The seventy-fifth anniversary of our college had brought together the homœopathic practitioners from all parts of the country to pay tribute to their Alma Mater. Those who were so fortunate as to have had the honor of graduating with the star class of 1911 had arranged for a special evening of good fellowship and good cheer to dine together and exchange reminiscences of the past.

Immediately upon graduating from college I had wandered westward, and had become established on the Pacific coast in the city of Los Angeles. During the last few years I had seen or heard but little of my former classmates, so I was naturally very anxious, indeed, to meet with them again, to renew old friendships and talk over old times.

As I entered the gold banquet hall of the Plaza Hotel, my attention was attracted to a long table, prepared as if for a sumptuous banquet, around which were seated a prosperous looking lot in evening dress. Approaching the table I saw that they were indeed my old classmates of 1911, and not so markedly changed despite the lapse of twenty-four years.

Seated at the head of the table, and evidently presiding as toastmaster, was an elderly gentleman, whom I recognized as our vener-

able dean, Dr. Royal S. Copeland. For a few seconds he regarded me with a searching glance, then came a look of recognition, a kindly smile, a word of welcome, and the warm hand-clasp of true friendship.

Then I passed around the table, greeting my former classmates, and soon found myself in the center of a jolly group, who gave me a warm and sincere welcome. On my right was Dr. Oscar Baer, with whom I had a very interesting little talk. The doctor had married shortly after leaving college, solved the problem of *living* in Jersey, and was now the proud father of *nine* children, whom he was fond of referring to as his Teddy Bears.

While talking with Dr. Baer, I was interrupted by the shuffling of feet and some distant snuffles, and, turning, I beheld, late as usual, our old friend, Dr. Abraham H. Barr, eager to utter his popular exclamation B-A-R-R, Barr! He at once embarked upon telling us of his matrimonial venture, which had recently culminated in the arrival of an heir, characteristically named Abraham Isaac Samuel Hahnemann Barr!

Directly opposite sat a tall, thin, bony-looking skeleton, with the appearance of a professor of osteology. Dr. D. Truman Brewster told me of his recent good fortune, having been selected from over five hundred applicants as being the best qualified for the position of Egyptian mummy in a dime museum, with a salary of fifty cents per exhibition.

On Dr. Brewster's right was a portly personage with perpendicular hair, the tips of which were turning gray, looking for all the world like the ends of a shaving brush, or a porcupine in distress. Dr. Raymond S. Barry, after a few months at Hahnemann, had returned to the dear old island, and was holding down the job of General Supervisor of Nurses, which occupation was peculiarly suited to his tastes. On Dr. Brewster's left I saw a tall, ferocious-looking man, of athletic build, whom I recognized as my old pal, Dr. William F. Broadhead. The doctor had left the field of medicine on account of weak knees, and was now doing stunts with supposedly heavy weights in Keith and Proctor's Third Avenue Theatre.

I recognized a dark-haired gentleman with a dark moustache as Dr. Arthur L. Chambers. He, also, had left active practice for the stage, and was now doing "heavy work" at the old Academy of

Music. His latest specialty was Simon Legree in Uncle Tom's Cabin. I also learned that Dr. Irving Lord Farr, having shaved off his moustache, and donned a curly wig, could be seen in the same company as Little Eva, ascending to Heaven nightly, for the small price of ten, twenty and thirty cents.

Dr. William C. Gregory, I ascertained, had also left the medical world, and held the position of chief barker for Looney Park at Coney Island, and could be seen both by night and by day shouting a lot of hot air about the wonderful attractions within.

At this juncture the toastmaster called upon Dr. Franklin F. Murdoch for the toast "Materia Medica." The doctor told of some wonderful results in the treatment of cancer with the ten millionth potency of Pulsatilla, and so aroused the enthusiasm of the Materia Medica sharks that they jumped upon their chairs and began to shout:

"Here's to Materia Med.,
Put the patient to bed;
Aconite to Sulphur,
Sulphur down to Rhus—
Calc. Carb. looks good to me;
Causticum or bust!"

The next speaker was Dr. A. Lowery Ivins, who gave the toast, "Our Alma Mater," and after a very brief address favored us with a mandolin selection. It seems that the doctor, although still active in the profession, was giving mandolin concerts in Carnegie Hall, and these entertainments were a source of great pleasure to his friends. Dr. Seldon T. Kinney, I learned, although practicing in Philadelphia, was frequently seen on First Avenue, near Fifty-ninth Street, where Rosie Lasinsky sells everything from Duke's Mixture to "The Morning Sun." Dr. Michael J. Shealey, I was greatly pleased to learn, was holding down the job of police surgeon in New York, and through his friends on the force his photograph had recently appeared on the front page of the "Police Gazette," with the distinguished subscription, "The Handsomest Doctor in New York," which shows what pull will do.

Shortly after graduation, a number of us had determined to locate in the West, but being unable to borrow enough money to see us



BACTERIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

through to California we decided that we might have to resort to measures beneath our dignity, at least temporarily. It was a hard proposition, but was eventually solved by joining Barnum and Bailey's circus, which was then starting on its western tour. I myself was fortunate enough to secure a job taking care of the rhinoceros and baby elephant, while Dr. MacDonald went in training on Mellen's Food, and finally managed to tip the beam at 498 pounds, drawing big crowds as the fattest man on record. Dr. Henry W. E. Lockhart took the seemingly precarious task of taming lions, but inasmuch as the beasts were doped with Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup there wasn't enough surgical work to be done on the way out to keep the boys in practice.

Having said a fond farewell to a tall young lady with pretty blonde hair, Dr. Chester A. Peake went over to Hoboken for a week, came back with a dark hirsute growth that would shock a billy-goat, and joined the circus as a bearded lady. Dr. Philipp Schmahl went along as interpreter, having thoroughly mastered French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Polish and East Side. Unable to keep away from liquid refreshments, Dr. Alexander Todd accepted with alacrity the position of lemonade man, earned the title of the "Human Tank," and made a small fortune on the side by drinking, in exhibitions, seven barrels of pink lemonade in fifteen minutes.

In order to have company on the way out West, Dr. MacKenzie travelled with us as far as Texas, and filled in as ticket seller and manager of the side show, which did an overwhelming business under his direction. Dr. G. Vane Morse held down the job of animal feeder, and ate the peanuts intended for the monkeys, so that the poor little human imitations had to live on fresh air and the scenery.

The star feature of the show, however, was the bare-back riding of Dr. Cummins and Dr. Searle, who had secured two old truck horses and were giving wonderful exhibitions of fancy riding. Dr. Cummings as a lovely little lady in pink tights and a ballet skirt, made an awful hit with the Mayor of Kankakee, Ill., and it looked as though we were to lose the doctor for a time.

Arriving finally on the Pacific coast, we all left the circus, and began to establish ourselves in various localities in California, keeping away from San Francisco as far as possible, however. We had managed to assemble in Los Angeles in 1935, just twenty-four years

later, and had come East together to attend the reunion banquet of our Class of 1911.

As the hour was now growing late, Dr. Farr arose and gave, while a profound silence reigned, the last address of that memorable evening.

"Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Classmates of 1911: We have with us this evening, gentlemen, one who has given the best years of his life to our college, one who has devoted himself most earnestly to the welfare of our dear alma mater, saved it from threatened destruction, rescued it from impending ruin and disgrace, reorganized and rebuilt it upon a firm foundation, until our college is now one of the finest equipped and most highly respected medical institutions in America. He has been a sympathetic adviser and a firm friend in all our troubles, forgiven us our many faults and short-comings, and strived to develop the best and noblest elements of our character. Time and again has he put forth his best efforts to aid us when adverse circumstances surrounded us on all sides, and most freely has he given of his knowledge and wisdom that we should be thoroughly educated and well-trained men. Through his warm and sincere interest in our lives and our work has he encouraged and assisted us beyond all recompense. His character, his kindly spirit, and his professional courtesy have been a never-failing light to guide us through the stormy seas of danger and temptation, and an inspiration to strive for the highest and noblest things in life. For these excellent reasons, gentlemen, and to assure him of our deepest gratitude and most sincere appreciation of his life work, do I move a rising vote of thanks to one of the noblest and greatest men in the medical profession to-day, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, of New York City."

Junior Charge.

By C. Edwin Williams, '12.

Mr. Williams received the traditional Book of Knowledge from the graduating class, then he said:

Members of the Senior Class:

On behalf of the Junior Class I extend to you our thanks for this well worn volume. We have been with you for three years, and still are not sure that the time spent upon this book has not been spent with this book on a chair. However, after hearing your his-

tory and your prophecy, we cannot doubt but that your future will be bright and that you will make good, and we shall try to follow in your footsteps.

I notice that I am down for a "Junior Charge," and in my wonderment as to how to begin to let off this charge, I thought it might be well to ask you whether you would rather be Freshmen or graduating Seniors. But, of course, the answer to that is self evident, because the idea may be recalled of the little boy who was in the habit of attending church on Sunday morning with his mother; in the afternoon, he went to the base ball game with his father, which his father called Dr. Greenfield's church. Some one asked him whether he would rather attend his mother's or his father's church, and he replied: "Well, I don't know that it makes much difference. At mother's church they all sit and sing, 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus;'" and at father's church they all stand up and say, 'For the Lord's sake, sit down.'"

It was you who gave us greeting when we came here in the fall of 1908. You welcomed us to your midst, and, we hope, started us right. Our associations with you have been pleasant and peaceful, and I hope the class next year will be able to say the same thing of us.

It is out of my province to stand here and offer you advice, in offering you a charge. Very much like the old skinflint when asked by a beggar for a bit, "Well, I ain't got no money for you, but I would like to give you a little advice," to which the beggar replied: "If you ain't got no money, I guess your advice ain't worth much."

Undoubtedly the chills of gelsemium run down your backs when you remember that the four happiest years of your life are ended. It was, indeed, a bright and happy day for you, when you decided to come to the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital to begin your life of service to your fellow men. You have had many opportunities since you have been here, and as you reflect upon the use you have made of them—opportunities given many times. It is said that opportunity knocks but once; I think it knocks many times, and it is simply up to each to be awake and ready to admit opportunity—if you have lost any opportunities during your college course, let history be profitable to you. It will be profitable only as you profit by experience. You are going out into a world which is cold. With all your trials behind you which the

professors have been able to inflict, you think the world is full of sunshine. It is no place for the sluggard. I can only give you one bit of advice. It is not necessary to advise you to get married. Dr. Nichols gave you that advice. I think that, perhaps, with the exception of some fond mothers, every one will give you that advice. If you would be successful, you must go out and show yourself to be a man and a good fellow. However, if you do so after you are married, remember that your wife, who is so fond of you, is at home to greet you when you return.

You will get many hard knocks in your first year of practice. It will not be a rosy path. It is well to make your first case drag. A young doctor was greeted by a friend: "Well, Doctor, your patient seems to be quite a long time in recovering." "Why, my friend, don't you know that I am just beginning? A little later on, when I am better known, I can afford to let them get well quick."

From the Junior Class, I say to you: Be strong and true—first, to your patients; second, to your Alma Mater; lastly, to yourself. "The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims . . . whose mind is full of truth as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the main."

Farewell, and God speed you.

EDITORIAL

COMMENCEMENT WEEK 1911.

Class Day.

Commencement, 1911, has passed into history, the fifty-first of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital.

On the evening of Tuesday, May 30, the Senior Class had Class Day exercises at the college. The address of the evening was made by Professor Laidlaw. A class history was presented by Dr. I. L. Farr, a class poem by Dr. H. W. Lockhart, a class prophecy by Dr. R. B. Coonley and Dr. P. J. R. Schmahl. The Junior charge was presented by Mr. C. E. Williams, '12.

An innovation this year was a Class Book, "*The Flower*," the first one ever gotten out by a graduating class from the New York Homœopathic Medical College. The caricatures and drawings were of a high order of merit and were drawn by a skilled artist, a member of the class. The literary contents, both prose and poetry, were well done. Beside the class poem, class history and so on, there are many other pieces of interest to those who know the class and know the peculiarities and mannerisms of various members of the faculty.

After the various exercises and the presentation of the book, dancing was in order.

Commencement.

The Commencement took place on Wednesday evening, May 31, in the hall of the Engineering Societies Building. The night was rainy, nevertheless a fair sized audience was present to see the members of the Class of 1911 given their degrees. The addresses appear elsewhere in this issue of the CHIRONIAN.

Alumni Day.

Alumni Day was clear and beautiful. At the college building in the morning the various laboratories were thrown open for inspection. Demonstrations were given by Professor Joseph H. Ball in the bacteriological laboratory, by Professor Farel Jouard in the chemical laboratory, by Professor Charles McDowell in the physiological laboratory. Professor Ralph I. Lloyd gave an illustrated

lecture on anatomy, and Professor Henry B. Minton gave an illustrated lecture on medicine.

Luncheon was served to about one hundred and fifty of the Alumni by the college at one o'clock.

At two-thirty the annual meeting of the Alumni Association took place. A more detailed account of this appears elsewhere.

In the evening three hundred guests sat down to the annual banquet at the Hotel Astor. Congratulatory telegrams were exchanged with the Alumni Association of the Hahnemann Medical College, which was banqueting in Philadelphia at the same time. A full report of this also appears elsewhere in this issue.

Taken all in all the entire series of meetings was highly interesting; instructive, and successful. The various reports rendered showed our beloved *Alma Mater* to be in a most prosperous condition, and the outlook for the future one to make every alumnus feel proud of the institution that granted him his degree.

Thus, under the best of auspices, ended the fifty-first year of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital.

REPORT OF THE COLLEGE COMMITTEE.

The College Committee has not been called together since last Commencement, when it met in the Dean's Room and organized for the year's work, electing the writer chairman for another year. At that time a long session was held with the Dean, who made a detailed report regarding the college and its work, particularly on its teaching side.

After much discussion a report was finally adopted, requesting the chairman to present to the Board of Trustees the suggestions of the committee regarding the teaching in the college and its curriculum. These suggestions were taken up by the trustees and adopted, again showing the willingness of the board to adopt suggestions made by this committee as representing the sentiment of the alumni.

Although meetings of the committee, as a whole, have not been held during the year, the chairman arranged meetings of all the auxiliaries except the Southern. The first auxiliary to hold its meeting since the last report was the New England, which met on January 27th, 1911, at the Hotel Warren in Worcester, Mass., the first time it has held any of its sessions outside the city of Boston.

A goodly number of alumni were present. Dean Copeland attended, with Professors Minton and Ball and Dr. Hitchcock as guests. Addresses were made by the visitors, and most of the alumni present gave expression of their loyalty to the college and approval of the standard of work being done at our alma mater. The election of officers resulted in the choosing of Dr. T. Morris Strong, of Boston, president and of Dr. N. H. Houghton, of Boston, secretary and treasurer.

The meetings of the remaining auxiliaries have all been held during the spring. Dean Copeland thought he could better explain to the alumni who had not seen the present equipment of the college if he used lantern slides. To make it possible to secure the necessary apparatus for showing the pictures, the Executive Committee of the

Alumni Association very kindly donated fifty dollars towards the expense, making the slides available at all the auxiliary meetings held this spring.

It was thought that it would increase the attendance and interest in the auxiliary meetings if they were held in connection with medical gatherings in the cities which are the headquarters of the various auxiliaries. The first meeting of this kind was held on April 12th, when the Dean and chairman of the College Committee went to Rochester and the Dean gave his address to the Western New York Auxiliary, illustrated with the lantern slides, at the closing of the evening session of the Western New York Homœopathic Medical Society. At this meeting the officers of last year were re-elected by the auxiliary.

On April 18th the Dean and Dr. O. S. Ritch, '78, president of the State Society, went to Elmira, where the Southern New York Auxiliary meeting was held after the evening session of the Southern Tier Homœopathic Medical Society. At that session the chairman of the College Committee presented a paper on "Homœopathy of the Present and Future," and the Dean's illustrated report of the college work was discussed enthusiastically by the alumni present, Drs. Howland, '95; Noble, 90, and Winters, '90, as well as those from other institutions who are interested in the work of our institution as citizens and homœopathic practitioners of New York State. Dr. Wm. Barden, '62, of Canandaigua, again came over to attend this meeting, and gave an interesting reminiscent address, as did Drs. E. E. Snyder, of Binghamton, and Frank W. Adriance, of Elmira, who are alumni of a sister college.



PATHOLOGICAL LABORATORY

On May 4th the Connecticut Auxiliary held another of its successful meetings in New Haven, at which besides the Dean were Professors Rudolph F. Rabe, '96; Joseph H. Fobes, '01; Harrison G. Sloat, '01, and Léon S. Lóizeaux. The Dean showed his pictures, presented a summary of the work of the college during the year and the enrollment of students and then addresses were made by various members of the faculty, describing in detail the work of the departments. The chairman of the College Committee also spoke briefly. The officers elected were: Dr. Charles L. Beach, of Hartford, president; Dr. Henry P. Sage, secretary and treasurer, and Dr. Augustus Angell, executive member.

On May 11th the Dean and chairman of the College Committee went to Albany, where a very successful meeting of the Eastern New York Auxiliary was held in connection with the regular monthly meeting of the Albany and Rensselaer Homœopathic Medical Society. There was a good attendance, and the Dean's report and pictures of the college and its work was enthusiastically received. Addresses were also made by J. Ivimey Dowling, '95, and the chairman of the College Committee. Dr. Harold Cochrane, '98, president of the Albany and Rensselaer Homœopathic Society, acted as chairman, as the sudden death of Dr. Stephen J. Birdsall, '68, in January, just when plans were forming for this annual meeting in connection with the State Society had made it necessary to postpone it.

The next day the Dean and chairman of this committee attended a meeting of the Homœopathic Medical Society of Onondaga County during the afternoon. After a delightful dinner with the alumni from Syracuse, Utica and nearby towns, together with a number of loyal homœopaths who were graduates of other colleges, the Dean presented his report of the work of the college and showed his pictures, after the chairman of the College Committee had read the paper presented at the meeting of the Southern New York Auxiliary on the "Homœopathy of the Present and Future." The present officers of this Central New York Auxiliary were continued another year with Dr. C. E. Chase, of Utica, as president, and Dr. Gayde, of Utica, as secretary and treasurer.

The last meeting was the New Jersey Auxiliary, held in connection with the opening session of the Homœopathic Medical Society of the State of New Jersey, on May 24th, at Caldwell, New Jersey.

Quite a number of townspeople interested in homœopathy heard the Dean present the cause of the college and hospital and show the work that has been accomplished during the past year. They all remained to see the slides.

Our alumni everywhere show deep interest in the college and hospital, as well as in homœopathy, and are trying manfully to secure students and support for their alma mater. The increased attendance reported greatly pleased them, as did the report of our growth, financially, and the ability of the trustees through the money received from the Tilford estate, to cope, in a measure, with the problem of new buildings and equipment in the near future, which is even now urgently needed.

If this Alumni Association, through its Executive Committee, could arrange to see that some member of the college faculty or some member of the Association was sent to each one of these auxiliary meetings with a medical topic for presentation, we think it would be helpful and would aid much in making the attendance greater than it has been at these gatherings in the past, especially when they are held in connection with local medical meetings.

The committee again calls attention to the fact that nothing has been done towards securing as members of auxiliaries already formed or in organizing the thirty-four alumni of our college residing in the State of Pennsylvania into an auxiliary. It would seem that something should be done to get these alumni in touch with the college and its work, and your committee renews its recommendation of last year looking to this end.

The annual meeting of the College Committee was held in the Dean's room at the college on Thursday, June 1st, and was called to order by the chairman at 10 o'clock. There were present as representatives from the New England Auxiliary, G. Forrest Martin; from the Connecticut, Henry P. Sage; from the Eastern New York, J. Ivimey Dowling; from the Southern New York, Lynn A. Martin; from the New Jersey, G. Herbert Richards; from the Southern, J. B. G. Custis; from the Metropolitan district, David J. Roberts and Herbert D. Schenck, chairman. The only two auxiliaries not represented were the Central New York and Western New York. Besides the members of the committee Hon. Melbert B. Cary, president of the Board of Trustees, was present, as were Dr. W. W. Blackman, Alumni Trustee; Dean Copeland and Dr. J. P. Rand, of Worcester.

President Cary made a report on the condition of the college from the trustees' viewpoint, and presented for the consideration of the committee a plan for the establishment of a sanatorium for the treatment of incipient tuberculosis in New Mexico, Arizona or some other suitable place, where careful records of the patients could be kept under the direct supervision of the college authorities.

Dr. Copeland presented a detailed report concerning the college work and the faculty, and the committee approved the appointment as Clinical Professors of Drs. Sidney F. Wilcox and Maurice C. Ashley.

After the discussion of various other matters which were brought to its attention by the Dean and the Alumnus Trustee, the committee passed the following resolutions which were later presented to the Alumni Association and unanimously passed there:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of the College Committee that the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital should continue its policy of past years and admit only *male* students to its regular classes.

Resolved, That the College Committee after hearing the report of the president of the Board of Trustees, the Dean and the Alumnus Trustee offers its congratulations to this association at the promise of the continuation of the present conditions in the management of the college and hospital.

HERBERT D. SCHENCK, M. D., *Chairman*.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF THE ALUMNUS TRUSTEE.

We are glad to announce a gratifying increase in the student body over last year. This year, the registration of students has been as follows:

Seniors	21
Juniors	35
Sophomores	39
Freshmen	51
Students who registered, but never appeared for class work. . .	14
Post-graduates, special and part-time students	47
Freshmen for Class of 1915	3
Total	210

These figures are significant. The rapid growth in the number of undergraduates is striking, and brings with it an additional burden of administration. Should the number of students applying for admission continue to increase in the same ratio that it has in the past few years, we shall be obliged to face the problem of an overcrowded school, or enlarge our facilities. After next October, the tuition fee will be increased from \$125.00 to \$150.00 per year.

During the past year, the physical condition of the College and Hospital has been vastly improved. The cost of this improvement has been \$27,000—which covered a new heating plant for the entire institution—a thorough overhauling of the plumbing—a new ice house—a new contagious ward—new quarters for the ambulance drivers—and, finally, our new bacteriological laboratory, fully equipped with all modern devices for bacteriological and research work—the gift of our Alumni, who generously subscribed \$9,500.00 for this purpose, \$7,899.35 of which has been already paid.

Never before in its history, have the Alumni had so large and potent an influence in the affairs of the College. The organization of the Auxiliary Associations and the work of their representatives on their College Committee have been the most important factors in the reorganization and upbuilding of the College. No important appointment has been made—no vital policy promulgated—without the knowledge and absolute approval of this Committee.

The present curriculum has grown cumbersome. A committee is reorganizing it in such a way as to give the Seniors more time for bedside work—and is preparing a report for the consideration of the faculty.

We need additional endowment to expand our work in technical teaching—a new Junior lecture room—a new operating room—physiological laboratory and clinical laboratory.

W. W. BLACKMAN, '77.

NECROLOGIST'S REPORT.

June 1, 1911.

The temptation is strong to pay the tribute of at least passing mention of the passing into the other world of a number of our fellow alumni, but our policy is to include in this official report only those who were members of this association.

Since our last meeting death has stricken from our roll thirteen members.

June 5, 1910—G. Waldron Bartlett, '95, died in Brooklyn.

July 15, 1910—H. E. Packer, '81, died in Greenfield, Mass., aged 62. Obituary in *Institute Journal* for April, page 865.

November 22, 1910—A. P. Sherwin, '85, died in Suffield, Conn., of pneumonia, aged 50.

December 8, 1910—W. R. Delabarre, '91, of New York, died at his country home.

Some time in 1910—E. C. Buell, '76, of Los Angeles, died in Europe.

January 7, 1911—Wm. H. Krauss, '73, died in New York.

January 10, 1911—Percy W. Shedd, '94, of New York, died suddenly in Newark, N. J.

January 27, 1911—S. T. Birdsall, '68, died in Glens Falls.

February 13, 1911—George W. Seymour, '72, died in Westfield, N. Y., of pneumonia, aged 69. *Institute Journal*, April, page 861.

March 7, 1911—Willard W. Ruggles, '08, of New York. Obituary in the *Chironian* for April.

May 3, 1911—Charles A. Walters, '78, died in Brooklyn, of apoplexy.

F. H. Munroe, '86, died this year in Newark, N. J.

Judson C. Sanders, '00, died in Reading, Penn.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN L. MOFFAT, '77.

REPORT OF RECORDING SECRETARY.

Your Board of Directors for the year 1910-1911 has held six meetings. The members attended as follows:

Dr. H. C. Allen, 0.	Dr. G. W. McDowell, 2.
Dr. W. W. Blackman, 5.	Dr. W. S. Mills, 6.
Dr. W. G. Crump, 6.	Dr. J. L. Moffat, 5.
Dr. J. W. Dowling, 3.	Dr. H. G. Sloat, 4.
Dr. G. DeW. Hallett, 3.	Dr. R. I. Stewart, 2.
Dr. H. G. Keith, 3.	Dr. E. G. Tuttle, 3.
Dr. W. L. Love, 6.	

And by invitation, Dr. H. D. Schenck, 1, and the dean, Dr. R. S. Copeland, 1.

Dr. William Lathrop Love, '94, was chosen toastmaster for the banquet. The Hotel Astor was selected as the place.

Various committees were appointed to arrange the details.

Fifty dollars was ordered spent to make lantern slides of the buildings and so on that an illustrated lecture might be prepared, showing the manifold activities of the college and of the hospital.

For several years a representative has been employed jointly by the college and by the Alumni Association to foster propagandistic work in the public press. To make this work more effective, and to place the matter entirely in the hands of the Alumni Association, a committee was appointed to draft an amendment to the By-Laws raising the annual dues to two dollars. This amendment is submitted for your consideration to-day with the favorable endorsement of your Board of Directors.

WALTER SANDS MILLS, '89.

Recording Secretary.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL.

Minutes Annual Meeting, 1911.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital was held on Thursday afternoon, June 1, 1911, in the Senior Lecture Room at the college.

About one hundred and twenty-five members were present.

The meeting was presided over by Dr. George W. McDowell, '86, president.

The minutes of the 1910 meeting were read and approved.

The necrologist read his report and it was ordered printed in the CHIRONIAN.

Dr. J. W. Dowling, chairman of the Committee on Elections, announced the following as officers for the ensuing year.

President, George Forest Martin, '90, Lowell, Mass.

First Vice-President, Edmond L. Wyman, '75, Manchester Center, Vt.

Second Vice-President, John G. White, '82, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Third Vice-President, Theodore Lemmerz, '95, Jersey City.

Executive Officer, Henry B. Minton, '87, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
 Treasurer, Harrison G. Sloat, '01, New York.
 Recording Secretary, Roy Upham, '01, Brooklyn.
 Corresponding Secretary, William L. Love, '94, Brooklyn.
 Necrologist, John L. Moffat, '77, Brooklyn.
 Alumnus Trustee, William W. Blackman, '77, Brooklyn.

DIRECTORS TO CONTINUE.

John W. Dowling, '86, New York.
 Edward G. Tuttle, '89, New York.
 Horace G. Keith, '94, Yonkers, N. Y.
 Ralph A. Stewart, '00, New York.

TO SERVE THREE YEARS.

Walter Gray Crump, '95, New York.
 J. Wilford Allen, '95, New York.

The election for Recording Secretary in the ballots sent by mail had resulted in a tie. It was, therefore, necessary to have a new vote. On motion, the voting was done by ballot and resulted as above.

Dr. H. D. Schenck, chairman of the College Committee, rendered his report. It was ordered printed in the *CHIRONIAN*.

On recommendation of the College Committee it was—

Resolved, That the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital should continue its policy of past years, and admit only male students to its regular classes.

Resolved, That the Alumni Association congratulate itself at the promise of the continuation of the pleasant conditions in the management of the College and Hospital.

On motion, it was voted to thank Dr. H. D. Schenck, chairman of the Alumni College Committee; Dr. W. W. Blackman, alumnus trustee, and Dr. Royal S. Copeland, dean, for their valuable services during the past year.

The Recording Secretary read his report of the meetings of the Board of Directors for the past year. Ordered printed in the *CHIRONIAN*.

The change in the By-Laws raising the annual dues to two dollars, notice of which was given at the 1910 meeting, was adopted.

Amendments To The By-Laws.**ARTICLE IV.—DUES.**

SECTION 1. Strike out this section, doing away with admission fee and assessments.

SECTION 2. (to read:) The annual dues of active and associate members shall be two dollars. The Board of Directors shall have power to remit the first year's dues.

(The present provision is—Dues, one dollar, and first year's dues remitted.)

SECTION 3. (to read:) Any member five years in arrears shall be liable to be dropped from the roll of membership by a majority vote at an annual meeting of the Association.

(The present By-Law says he "shall be" dropped, "except in individual cases" the dues may be postponed or remitted if the Directors think the case worthy of special consideration.)

SECTIONS 4 and 5 to remain unchanged.

On motion, the members of the Class of 1911 were elected to active membership:

Class 1911.

Oscar Baer,	New Jersey.
Abraham Herman Barr,	New York.
Raymond Samuel Barry,	New York.
D. Truman Brewster, Jr.,	Pennsylvania.
William Francis Broadhead,	New York.
Raymond Benjamin Coonley,	New Jersey.
Irving Lord Farr,	New York.
William Smith Gregory,	New Jersey.
A. Lowry Ivins,	New Jersey.
Seldon Talcott Kinney, A. M.,	Pennsylvania.
William Y. Mackenzie, A. M., M. D.,	Texas.
Franklin F. Murdoch,	New Jersey.
Chester A. Peake,	New York.
Philip J. R. Schmahl,	New York.

On motion, the following members of the faculty were elected to associate membership:

Leon Loizeaux.

Joseph H. Ball.

The dean, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, made some remarks on the

prosperity of the college during the past year. He also spoke of the material improvements that had been made in the equipment. He mentioned the keen interest of the Board of Trustees and the time and money they gave so freely. He spoke of the co-operation of the faculty. He told how valuable an asset the interest and work of the alumni was to the administration. He spoke of the auxiliary associations, and Dr. Schenck's work in organizing them. He ended his talk by inviting every one to inspect not only the laboratories, but the heating plant, the working part of the college, and all parts of the hospital.

Dr. W. W. Blackman, the Alumnus Trustee, read his report.

Mr. Nichols, financial secretary, asked that the Alumni pledge themselves to \$5,000 a year, the interest on \$100,000, as a perpetual or living endowment fund. Referred to the Board of Directors.

The meeting then adjourned.

WALTER SANDS MILLS, '89,
Recording Secretary.

CONNECTICUT ALUMNI MEETING.

The third annual meeting of the Connecticut Auxiliary Alumni Association was held in New Haven on the evening of Thursday, May 4, 1911. Eighteen sat down to dinner. The guests of the evening were Dean Copeland, Professors Tuttle, Rabe, Asst. Professors Fobes, Sloat and Loizeaux, and Dr. Schenck.

The feature of the evening was the address, illustrated with lantern slides, of Alma Mater, by the dean, Dr. Copeland. The alumni were much interested in the views of the new laboratory and listened eagerly to the remarks of the dean concerning the good work done with the new equipment.

The alumni were equally interested in the reports given by the professors present, of the work and workings of their respective departments. Dr. Schenck spoke more particularly of the Alumni Association and its doings. The feeling was general that great strides had been made during the past few years in teaching both the theory and practice of medicine and surgery.

Altogether it was a very successful meeting and tended to still further unite the alumni and the college faculty.

H. P. SAGE,
Secretary.

WORK AT THE FLOWER HOSPITAL FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

Number of ambulance calls	565
Number of patients treated in the emergency room	302
Number of surgical cases admitted to the hospital	168
Number of medical cases admitted	101
Number of maternity cases	8
Number of cases treated in the out-patient department	2707

OBITUARY.

G. Waldron Bartlett, M. D., born in Rochester, N. Y., June 8, 1852, died of cardiac dilatation, June 5, 1910, at his home in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, New York, leaving a widow, nee Margaret Rennie.

Graduated, M. D. in 1895 by the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital he practiced in Brooklyn during the last twelve years of his life.

In 1903 he became a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy, and in the following year joined the New York Homœopathic State Society.

Charles A. Walters, M. D., New York Homœopathic Medical College, New York City, 1878; died suddenly at his home in Brooklyn, May 2, from cerebral hemorrhage, aged 57.

Harry H. Baker, M. D., Chicago Homœopathic Medical College, 1897; of Chicago; for several years a lecturer on *Materia Medica* at Hahnemann Medical College; died in Brooklyn, May 13, from heart disease, aged 45.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Dr. F. H. Boynton, 36 West 50th Street, '74, will receive patients during the summer of 1911 at his usual hours, but in accordance with the following plan as to days: June and July, every day except Saturday and Sunday; August and September, Mondays and Thursdays only; October, all days will be resumed. Hours: 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. Telephone 449 Plaza.

Chas. C. Boyle, M. D., '77, diseases of eye, ear and throat, has removed to 40 East 41st Street. Hours: 9 to 1. Sunday by appointment. Telephone 6950 Murray Hill.

Dr. Frederick Kellogg Hollister, '95, as usual will be at Easthampton, L. I., from June 2d until Sept. 28th. Telephone 141 L. Easthampton.

Arthur Ginnever, M. D., '01, 155 West 48th Street, New York. Rectal diseases. By appointment. Phone 4597 Bryant.

Dr. Nathan E. Broder, '02, 321 Sixth St., bet. 1st and 2d Aves., New York. Office hours: 11 to 2, 6 to 8. Sundays until 2 only. Telephone 2745 Orchard.

Dr. Robert S. Bickley, '07, desires to announce that his office has been moved from 432 West 34th Street to 455 West 34th Street. Office hours until 10 A. M., 1-2 P. M., 6-8 P. M. Sunday, 1-2:30 P. M. Telephone Murray Hill 3215.

Dr. Howard L. Maps, '09, announces removal of his offices and residence to 53 Passaic Avenue (near Prospect Street). Office hours: 2-3 P. M. and 7-8 P. M. Sundays by appointment only. Telephone, 1842, Passaic, New Jersey.

Dr. John J. Sellwood and **Dr. John H. Besson**, formerly of Metropolitan Hospital, of the Sellwood General Hospital, announce a partnership with offices at Suite 220, Medical Building, Portland, Oregon.

Dr. Edward Devol will sail on June 12th for Europe, spend two weeks in London and then go to Berlin for the rest of the summer to study in the clinics, paying special attention to diseases of the stomach and dietetics.

Dr. Rudolph F. Rabe announces summer office hours as follows: During June, daily except Sunday, from 10 to 12, and by appointment. During July, August and until September fifteen, Tuesday and Friday only, from 10 to 12, and by appointment. After September fifteenth, daily from 10 to 12, and by appointment. 616 Madison Ave., New York. Tel., Plaza 1470.

TO THE HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Dear Colleagues:

The International Homœopathic Congress, to be held in July next, bids fair to be the most brilliant, historic and epoch-making of Homœopathic Congresses. To it the professors of Homœopathy from most parts of the Globe will send their representative men.

Not merely the Homœopathy of any one country, but that of the whole world, will here take its place and play its part. This Pan-Homœopathic Congress is a great event in our annals: it represents the high-water mark of all that is best and most progressive in our science.

All shades of opinion in our profession will here be represented. Opportunity will be given for the free discussion of subjects interesting to the High and to the Low Schools among us, to the physician, the surgeon and the specialist. The records of interesting original work will be presented. The results of mature experience will be brought forward. The values of new methods will be declared.

The predominant voice in World-Homœopathy is that of America: and the predominant influence in this Congress naturally falls to the distinguished citizens of the Great Republic. The whole Homœopathic world looks to America for stimulus, for example and for mature counsel.

We, as officials of this International Congress, send to each one of you a personal pressing invitation to be present at this assembly and to take part in its deliberations. The success of the Congress will react on the status of Homœopathy in America as elsewhere. To make this success great and impressive, the co-operation of every Homœopathic physician the world over is invited. Each and all can take his and her part in ensuring this triumph.

We cordially urge all the men and women of light and leading in the American Homœopathic fraternity to lend their aid. Personal assistance in the deliberations of Congress we earnestly appeal for. The contribution of a paper embodying special and interesting experience we also specifically invite from each. The crowning felicity would be the presentation of a paper backed by the personality of the author.

COME!

We are, dear colleagues,

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE BURFORD,

President-elect.

C. E. WHEELER,

Hon. Secretary of Council.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PLAIN TALKS ON MATERIA MEDICA WITH COMPARISONS. By Willard Ide Pierce, M. D., 792 pages. 8vo. Cloth, \$5.00. Postage, 25 cents. Philadelphia. Boericke & Tafel. 1911.

The first impression one gets on picking up Dr. Pierce's book is its lightness, as compared with other medical books of the same size. The mechanical execution is most excellent and the book is well printed on the light-weight paper found in some of the English books.

The first 210 pages the author calls "COMPARISONS." This is really a repertory arranged alphabetically and with numerous cross references. Dr. Pierce says in his preface that Allen's Handbook has been his guide, but he quotes a number of other authors for special indications, as Hahnemann, Hering, Dunham, Deschere, Dearborn, etc.

The second part of the book, page 210 to the end, is called "PLAIN TALKS ON MATERIA MEDICA, WITH COMPARISONS." In this part the separate drugs are taken up alphabetically. It is an amplification of Dr. Pierce's lectures at the New York Homœopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital, 1898-1908. The author writes of 246 separate drugs. Under the Homœopathic title of each drug appears its common name or names, then its habitat or source, where the original provings may be found and the method of its preparation. The physiological action is also mentioned. Then follows, not in rubrics, but in conversational style, the symptomatology of the drug. Throughout the text are numerous references by number to the page in the repertory section where other drugs for a given symptom may be found. This last feature alone is one that must have entailed a tremendous amount of labor. Its value to the reader is very great. Finally, Dr. Pierce has the courage of his convictions and tells what is his favorite potency of each drug described.

For the beginner in Homœopathy, the delightful way in which Dr. Pierce tells the story of each drug will make the study of it a pleasure. For the practitioner who is in search of a remedy for a given case the numerous cross references will be an invaluable help.

It is impossible in a review to do more than describe what an

author has tried to do, but Dr. Pierce has done his work so well that a paragraph or two must be quoted.

For example, under *Arsenicum iodatum* he says:

"As a constitutional remedy in chronic conditions, it is of value for the scrofulous anemic patient (15), with enlarged mesenteric (83) or other lymphatic glands (8)."

On referring back to the pages indicated we find, page 15:

"ANEMIA:—

"*Ars. iod.*—Prostration and emaciation, especially after exhausting diseases.

Page 83:

"GLANDS:—

"Mesenteric, diseases of—*Ars. iod.*, *Ba. carb.*, etc."

"of neck, swollen—*Ars. iod.*, *Ba. carb.*, etc."

Again, in the "COMPARISONS," under the heading PNEUMONIA, a number of remedies are mentioned. Regarding *Bryonia* the author says:

"Following directly after the *Aconite* condition has passed and hepatization has taken place; when the restlessness has been superceded by the quiet, afraid-to-move-for-fear-it-will-hurt stage; when the dry skin has changed to a moist one, or, perhaps, to a decided perspiration although the fever is just as high; when the pains are sharp and cutting, with relief from heat and from lying on the affected side."

Familiar as the reviewer is with most of the books on the Homœopathic Materia Medica printed in English, he feels justified in stating that he believes this one by Dr. Willard Ide Pierce to be the most useful and practical for the medical student who wishes to ground himself in Homœopathy and for the busy doctor who wishes to refresh his memory for a particular purpose.

LEUCORRHOEA and other varieties of Gynæcological Catarrh. A Treatise on the Catarrhal Affections of the Genital Canal of Women; their Medical and Surgical Treatment. By Homer Irvin Ostrom, M. D. 179 pages. Cloth, \$1.00. Postage, 6 cents. Philadelphia. Boericke & Tafel. 1910.

This little book, written by a man who thoroughly knows his

subject, is a most valuable addition to Homœopathic literature. Chapter I. gives the anatomy and physiology of the parts. Chapter II. treats of gynæcological catarrh, its causes whether infectious, constitutional, mechanical or due to exanthematous diseases. Chapter III. classifies the catarrhs according to character, simple mucopurulent, purulent, etc., and according to the periods of life, together with the local and constitutional treatment. Chapter IV. gives 140 Homœopathic drugs with their indications. This is followed by Part II—a repertory. The book is clearly written. The descriptions and treatment bear the stamp of authority, and also bear internal evidence of experience and belief in the efficacy of the measures advocated. The Homœopathic indications prove the writer to be a believer in the Law of Similars. For the general practitioner who has to deal with the average run of vaginal discharges, Dr. Ostrom's book will be invaluable. The publishers have done their part well.

Cancer of the Breast.—Dr. J. Emmons Briggs, of Boston, in the *New England Medical Gazette* for May, has an article on this subject with a list of seventy-six tabulated cases. He draws the following conclusions from his study:

- 1st. That cancer is greatly on the increase.
- 2d. That cancer of the breast is more malignant in the young than in those far advanced in life.
- 3d. That a diagnosis of cancer of the breast is always easily made in advanced cases, but that it can never be stated positively that a growth in the breast is non-malignant.
- 4th. That, if we are to get malignant tumors early, we must excise all growths, many of which under the microscope will prove malignant.
- 5th. That early and radical operation is the most effective treatment for cancer of the breast: that, if discovered early and radically operated upon, the mortality rate is very low, probably under one per cent., and the cures are about seventy-five per cent.
- 6th. That late operation offers no hope of radical cure, and is only of service inasmuch as it disposes of a foul and ulcerating area.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY



**FIFTY-FIRST DINNER OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE NEW YORK
HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL AND FLOWER HOSPITAL AT THE HOTEL
ASTOR, JUNE FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN.**

CLASS OF 1911.

Oscar Baer,	William Smith Gregory,
Abraham Herman Barr,	A. Lowry Ivins,
Raymond Samuel Barry,	Seldon Talcott Kinney, A. M.
D. Truman Brewster, Jr.,	William Y. MacKenzie,
William Francis Broadhead,	Franklin F. Murdoch,
Raymond Benjamin Coonley,	Chester A. Peake,
Irving Lord Farr,	Philip J. R. Schmahl.

SPEAKERS' TABLE.

Orlando S. Ritch, M. D., President Homœopathic Medical Society, State of New York.

William Harvey King, M. D., LL. D., Ex-Dean of the College.

Hon. Cornelius A. Pugsley, Ex-President Sons of the American Revolution.

Hon. St. Clair McKelway, LL. D., Vice-Chancellor Regents University, State of New York.

Hon. William A. Prendergast, Comptroller City of New York.

Royal S. Copeland, M. D., Dean of the College.

William Lathrop Love, M. D., Toastmaster.

George W. McDowell, M. D., President of Alumni Association.

Rev. J. F. Carson, D. D., Moderator General Assembly Presbyterian Church.

Hon. Robert W. Hebbard, Secretary State Board of Charities.

Hon. Melbert B. Cary, President Board Trustees Flower Hospital.

Professor William L. Felter.

Maurice C. Ashley, M. D., Superintendent Middletown State Homœopathic Hospital.

MEMBERS AND GUESTS.

Allen, J. W., '05.	Boynton, F. H., '74.
Allen, H. C., '96.	Bishop, W. H., '67.
Adams, C. F., '84.	Bing, G. H., '06.
Andrew, R. F., '91.	Blackman, W. W., '77.
Ackerman, J. F., '90.	Bulsoh, D. N.

- Bacon, C. A.
 Butler, W. M.
 Baer, Oscar.
 Barr, A. H.
 Barry, R. D.
 Brewster, D. T., '79.
 Broadhead, W. F.
 Birch, C. E., '91.
 Boynton, L. R., '02.
 Birch, F. A., '05.
 Brennan, F. E., '95.
 Beattie, J. H., '02.
 Barker, Caleb, '01.
 Beckwith, L., '01.
 Beckwith's Guest, '01.
 Bierbauer, B. W., '91.
 Broeser, H. V., '00.
 Brower, D. W., '96.
 Bedford, E. R., '94.
 Bachman, G. A., '92.
 Brewster, F. D., '79.
 Brewster, D. T., Esq.
 Ball, J. H.
 Clark, B. G.
 Close, Stuart, '85.
 Custis, J. B. G., '78.
 Carleton, B. G., '76.
 Cummins, F. M., '87.
 Chapin, Edward, '78.
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